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MR. GLADSTONE AT GLASGOW.

MR. GLADSTONE'S friends have lately been urging on him the necessity of being exceedingly cautious. They have made no secret of the causes of their alarm, and have very freely explained to him and to the world that he is apt to be irritable and indiscreet. He says the wrong thing sometimes, and sometimes he says a great deal too much. If only he will control himself, learn to be civil and a little unmeaning, then they will look on him with as much confidence as they now feel of admiration for him. His enemies, on the contrary, hope that he will stumble into the pitfalls which fate is supposed to be continually setting for him. Accordingly, his first public display in his new capacity as leader of the Commons and associate Premier has been anticipated with feelings of anxiety and exultation. He has gone through the ordeal, and acquitted himself to perfection. He made three speeches at Glasgow in one day—one of them to a Reform Society, and another in reply to an address from an unascertained number of working-men. Here were two yawning pitfalls. He has before tumbled into a very big hole on the subject of Reform, and working-men have suggested to him a theoretical abyss about the burden of proof in refusing or according universal suffrage, of which he himself cannot pretend to measure the depth. But he has gone over this dangerous ground with the most triumphant safety. He was caution personified. What he said might have been said by Sir GEORGE GREY, or the Bishop of LONDON, or perhaps by Mr. WALPOLE himself. He touched on two delicate subjects, and he touched on them so softly that at any rate the Goddess of Prudence, if there still is one, may claim him as her favourite child. He almost carried caution to an extreme, and exaggerated it as if for the fun and novelty of showing that he could be as safe and enigmatical as the slowest Tory squire that ever sat in the House. He gave his views on Reform, and he gave his views on the Government of Lord RUSSELL. With regard to Reform, he ventured to declare his settled conviction that although, of course, disappointment might baffle human hopes here as elsewhere, yet he believed that if Parliament took up the subject in the right spirit, and acted boldly and yet wisely, it would arrive at a result that would contribute to the happiness of all classes of this great Empire. Even the statesmen in Sir BULWER LYTTON'S novels make political declarations from which more may be learnt than from this. As to Earl RUSSELL, he declared that the name of that respected peer was its own guarantee, and he surmised that, after living seventy-three honourable years, the noble lord would be very unlikely to turn his back upon himself, and show that he had unlearned the lesson of his whole career. This, every one will allow, is exceedingly unlikely; and even the severest and most hostile critic would be satisfied with knowing that it is as certain that Lord RUSSELL has ever learnt the lesson of his long career as that, if he has learnt it, no mortal man will ever succeed in making him think that what he has learnt is wrong. We hope now the agitated public will be satisfied that Mr. GLADSTONE can be cautious when he likes. It is the beauty of the elephant's trunk that it can either pick up a pin or rend a tree; and it is the excellence, as we now know, of Mr. GLADSTONE'S intellect, that he can either convulse the House of Commons by his utterances on Reform, denounce Mr. DISRAELI as if he were the vilest of mankind, and provoke the hostility of countless societies, companies, and boards by a single speech; or else, at his pleasure, inform a gaping and admiring provincial audience, listening to his words as if they were a revelation, that if Parliament passes a wise measure of Reform, the measure it passes will most probably be wise, and that Lord RUSSELL'S name is a sufficient guarantee that Lord RUSSELL'S Government will be carried on in the manner to be expected from Lord RUSSELL.

If a man in Mr. GLADSTONE'S position does not tell his hearers State secrets, and invest them with the importance of being the first to hear what millions of their fellow-countrymen are longing to know, the best thing he can do is to gratify them with an oratorical display. He comes to talk, he talks, and his hearers are delighted. This Mr. GLADSTONE does as no one else could do it. He takes his audience over the ground with a triumphant air, and in a vein of gushing rhapsody that no one in England can rival. The political orator who holds so high a rank in his art as Mr. GLADSTONE fulfils very much the same office to civilized audiences that the old bards fulfilled to their savage listeners. He goes over old ground, but it pleases them to be taken over this ground, because it is familiar to them. He recounts triumphs which he and they have shared, and they like to feel that there is no trouble in understanding the allusions, and that his words come home to them at once. When HOMER went about the cities of Ionia singing the sacred tale of Troy, his Grecian hearers knew perfectly well what the tale was, but they felt a pleasure that was ever new in hearing who had been killed and how his death was brought about, who fought bravely, and how many souls had been sent to Hades. In the same way, Mr. GLADSTONE goes about the cities of Great Britain, chanting the sacred tale of his financial triumphs. He is always killing Protection and adding up the heaps of slain duties. A good Greek, we may be sure, never got tired of listening to the strings of names that represented the Trojan heroes whom Greek swords had given as a prey to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. In the same way, one provincial audience after another likes to hear this financial HOMER sing how that there are now no duties on glass, and no duties on iron, and no duties on bread or bricks. The divine conflict is fought over and over again in all its stages. Only a penny a pound on sugar, only sixpence a pound on tea, and just enough on stimulants to pay the interest of the National Debt. Protection is always treated like HECTOR. Its amiable qualities are painted, and we are told how it commended itself to the love of good men, and won the hearts of the horse-taming squires of English counties; but the end, the glorious end, as the audience well know, is that it has been dragged round and round the walls of Troy at the tail of Mr. GLADSTONE'S car. If this is not the highest triumph of oratorical art, it certainly is one of the highest triumphs that eloquent rhetoric could achieve. To be able to chant the chant time after time, and make thousands of intelligent men and women believe that it was the happiest and proudest moment of their life when they heard it, is indisputably a great feat of human genius. The speaker, like the poet, is not made but born; and no one but a born orator could go over this familiar ground with such new fervour and such encouraging confidence and expansive delight as Mr. GLADSTONE never fails to exhibit.

But those who have attempted to analyse the process by which a great orator attracts and overcomes his hearers have pronounced that a speaker should not only handle delicate topics carefully, and be copious and impassioned on topics that are general, familiar, and safe, but also that he should touch his particular audience in some tender point, and occasionally be special, local, and attentive to the small circumstances of his position. Mr. GLADSTONE did not forget this secret of his art. He remembered he was in Glasgow, and he said things that Glasgow men would be sure to like to hear. In the first place, he thanks God that both his parents were of Scotch extraction, and that not even on his mother's side was there any contamination of English blood. Young Mr. GLADSTONE, who otherwise is so good and fortunate, does not, we regret to say, share this superlative glory of his father. Then Mr. GLADSTONE showed that he was quite alive to the habits of the city in which he was speaking, and alluded to the national whisky in a very

kindly and genial way. He took stimulants himself, he said, and certainly should not mention them in any harsh and ascetic spirit; and as to tobacco, he boldly declared that it does no harm at all to the great mass of those who use it. We hope that some day the Mayor of CARLISLE will invite him to a great banquet, and that the DEAN will be placed next to him. But, finally, he had something to say of Glasgow that was far more gratifying than the mere announcement that his friends there were listening to an unadulterated Scotchman, or that they made a very appreciable contribution towards the payment of the National Debt by their generous use of stimulants. The great fault of working-men was, he said, that the majority tyrannized over the minority; but from this fault Glasgow, he informed them, was wholly exempt. At last we know where the true model working-man is to be found, and we can only hope Mr. LOWE will examine and decorate him. We can only regret that, as the Glasgow working-men are so superior, Mr. GLADSTONE thought it necessary to conciliate them by resorting to the transparent fallacy of declaring that he too was a working-man. A slight degree of that reflection which he has bestowed on the operation of the duties on bricks and glass would suffice to convince him that the working-men with whom he affects to place himself on an equality would not object to their work so very much if it were compatible with good clothes, and fine houses, and the best dinners which lavish Lord Provosts can provide, and the incessant applause of the first society and the largest mobs of the greatest country of modern times. When consumptive sempstresses are comforted by the thought that the fine ladies whose dresses blind their eyes are really working-women too, and go through the hard labour of evening crushes and morning visits, then, and not until then, men who work fourteen hours a day in a hot factory will find their lot made easy by hearing that grand gentlemen like Mr. GLADSTONE are working-men too, and toil very hard to take off the duties on bricks and glass. But this was only a very slight and incidental blemish in a masterly performance; and, on the whole, every impartial judge will allow that Mr. GLADSTONE could not have done better, or have striven more successfully to accomplish what ought now to be the two great objects of his endeavour—the retention of his hold on the great body of his fellow-countrymen, and the acquisition of a reputation for caution.

ENGLAND AND GREECE.

IN a little diplomatic squabble which lately occurred at Athens, the Greek Government appears to have had an argumentative triumph over the British Foreign Office. Certain Zantiotes having been attacked and beaten in the streets of their own capital town, the English Minister thought fit to protest against "the impunity afforded to assassins in countries where honest men were formerly secure under English rule." The Foreign Minister of Greece replied both by traversing the statement and by denying the competency of the accuser. The perpetrators of the assault had, it seemed, been expelled from the island by the police, but the severity of the punishment was qualified by the fact that they were afterwards permitted to return. The Greek Government would perhaps have done well to confine itself to a courteous suggestion that, if half the inhabitants of Zante were to cut the throats of the other half, the English Government would only be concerned in the matter as one of several civilized Powers exercising a general supervision over the interests of humanity. It is perfectly true that under the English Protectorate life and property were secured in the Ionian Islands, nor is there anything surprising in a subsequent deterioration of the administrative system; but since the transfer of the sovereign power to the Crown of Greece, the duty of preserving order is imposed exclusively on the new Government. It is absurd to pretend that, in consenting to the union of the islands with Greece, "the QUEEN adopted that step in the conviction that their inhabitants would enjoy the same security to person and property under the Government of the King of GREECE as under the protection of the Crown of England." Conventional phrases of this kind may probably have been used in the course of the negotiations, but if the English Ministers ever formed an anticipation on the subject, they probably expected that person and property would, for a time at least, become comparatively insecure. The surrender of the Protectorate was recommended by considerations of sound policy, containing an admixture of generous feeling unusual in international transactions; but faith in the continued efficiency of the Ionian police formed no part of the motive for the cession. There was reason to believe that the upper classes would regret the change of rulers, but, as the merchants and landowners had connived

at the agitation of demagogues against the protecting Power, the English Government was relieved from the obligation of considering their interests. Considering the variety of its functions and liabilities, domestic, colonial, and foreign, it is altogether unnecessary that it should incur gratuitous liabilities. If the inhabitants of Zante are unable or unwilling to preserve the peace in their own streets, they may perhaps learn a useful lesson from a short experience of anarchy.

Although Lord RUSSELL will still retain a general control over the administration of foreign affairs, he will fortunately no longer have the opportunity of writing censorious despatches, or of addressing direct instructions to English Ministers abroad. Lord CLARENDON is not known to have a passion for letter-writing, and, as a new comer, he may naturally introduce a change into the practice of his department. Among Lord RUSSELL's voluminous compositions there are several able State-papers, but there are also many which might have been more courteously expressed, and many which might have been spared. No Minister has so often exposed himself to a retort or a rebuff, even in cases where he was substantially in the right. The minor German Princes must by this time sincerely regret their more or less impertinent refusals to listen to the warnings of the English Government in the matter of Schleswig; but, for the moment, Baron BRUNO and his colleagues in the other petty capitals enjoyed the pleasure of expressing a safe indignation in answer to officious counsels. It is highly probable that there are two sides to the little dispute about Zante, for the documents which have appeared are published by the Greek Government. Probably English partisans may have been persecuted with the approval of the local authorities, and there may have been a strong temptation to contrast the regular administration of the Protectorate with the negligence or corruption of Greek officials; but Mr. ERSKINE, who professes to act by the direction of the FOREIGN SECRETARY, has selected an untenable issue when he accuses the Greek Government of bad faith, and of the breach of a definite obligation. The King of ITALY must be supposed to have ceded Savoy and Nice under the conviction that persons and property would be protected by the Imperial Government of France; but if a riot were to occur at Chambéry, a remonstrance on the part of the Italian Minister at Paris would be received with more astonishment than deference. As a Greek journalist fairly argues, only serious and alarming disturbances could justify the interference of the protecting Powers in the internal affairs of the Kingdom. Acts of private violence concern the Greek Government alone; and if it cannot be trusted to discharge a primary duty, it ought never to have been recognised.

The Greeks naturally suspect, or complain, that England desires to prevent the establishment of independence and of stable institutions in their country. The mistake is excusable, or rather the misrepresentation is plausible, for a Minister who pesters a foreign Government with unwelcome advice ought, if he were consistent, to be preparing the way for more serious intervention; yet the real policy of Downing Street is honest and temperate, though it is disguised by a kind of fidgety maternal solicitude. No other Government is equally sincere in its desire that the dynasty which it introduced may create the prosperity of Greece, and consolidate its institutions. It is not surprising that foreign diplomats attribute to English statesmen the motives which alone could, in their own case, have suggested a similar policy. When Russia and France remonstrate against Turkish misgovernment, they seldom desire the correction of abuses, except as public proofs of deference to their own influence and power. England, on the other hand, from the time of Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, has urged the reform of Turkish administration as the only security for the continued existence of the Empire. Incredible as it may appear to Continental politicians, Lord RUSSELL would probably have preferred that Zantiote criminals should have been sufficiently punished by the sentence of Greek tribunals; but it is a defect in a statesman, especially in a Foreign Minister, to incur perpetual misunderstanding. It is not always possible to apply the same mode of treatment to great Powers and to small or imperfectly civilized States, but on the whole it is desirable to approximate to uniformity of practice. Private crimes, unless they are committed against English subjects, can seldom properly give rise to diplomatic correspondence. It is especially undesirable to attempt to found any claim on the cession of the Ionian Protectorate. Even if it were allowable to reserve a portion of an ostensible gift, it is better to have the credit of perfect liberality. The assumption of responsibility for murders or assaults which can no longer be restrained by an English police is in the highest degree inexpedient.

To less excitable politicians than Lord Russell, a crime committed in the Ionian Islands suggests, in the midst of sympathizing regret and moral disapprobation, a certain feeling of serene complacency, like that which a dealer might feel when he heard that a horse sold without a warranty had fallen lame in the hands of a purchaser. It is a noble task to enforce order on turbulent populations, but the dominions of the British Crown are still sufficiently wide. The unprofitable occupation of the Ionian Islands under an anomalous though legitimate title entailed on the English Government and nation a disproportionate amount of clamour and calumny. The Greeks, on the other hand, although their system of government is still an imperfect organization, felt a natural and creditable desire to aggrandize their infant monarchy by the annexation of a territory inhabited by a kindred race. Their grievance, even if it had been merely imaginative or sentimental, would have been entitled to respect, and it is certainly not a chimerical fancy that the enlargement of the Kingdom may tend to its prosperity and permanence. A few years of progress and order would revive in Western Europe the sympathy which attended the origin of Greek independence forty years ago. There is no reason to despair of the nation, although heads may be broken in Zante, and notwithstanding the more serious defect of backwardness in recognising the duty of fidelity to engagements. No European race is more active in the spread of education, and there is even reason to hope that the rising generation will be more enlightened than the immediate descendants of Turkish subjects. For the present, it must be confessed that the Government is not working smoothly, for the recent collision between the King and his Ministers relates to a just, or at least natural, cause of public dissatisfaction. Greek statesmen may be excused if they dislike Count SPONNECK as much as MARLBOROUGH and his contemporaries objected to Dutch generals and favourites. When the King states, in answer to a demand for the dismissal of his Danish adviser, that Count SPONNECK occupies no official position, he almost admits the justice of the complaint. Lord Russell's successor may do the young King valuable service by recommending prudence and conciliation, and in public communications he will do well to cultivate the good-will of a people which may be destined to play an important part in the affairs of the East. In private intercourse it is generally found practicable to combine sincere good-will with civil language. The Foreign Office has at different times incurred a larger amount of hostility by useless reproofs than by exorbitant pretensions.

THE MINISTRY.

WITHIN the last fortnight it has been frequently and justly remarked that the residuary Cabinet has provided itself with no compensation for the loss of Lord PALMERSTON, and that it is especially weak in the House of Commons. An opinion in which all men agree is seldom worth repeating; and it is more profitable to examine the causes and probable consequences of a recognised condition of affairs. Lord Russell's severest critics have failed to suggest any available resources which have been neglected in the constitution of the Government, and there is no reason to believe that the same elements would have produced a better result in any different combination. As far as the peers in the Ministry are concerned, there is no reason for preferring CLOANTHUS to GYAS, or for putting either over the head of ACHATES. Mr. Gladstone, who belongs to a different category, is not of a character to be crippled or cowed under the restraint imposed by the nominal precedence of a colleague. The Government would not have been strengthened by a mere inversion of the relative positions of Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, and it would, to a certain extent, have been damaged by Lord Russell's retirement. It is not altogether inconvenient that there should be a change at the Foreign Office, which may facilitate the subsidence of the irritation which has arisen in the course of recent controversies. On the whole, a disposition to make the best of what is unavoidable may be considered an excusable form of optimism. Those who disapprove of the new and unambitious arrangements have been repeatedly and vainly challenged to offer an alternative proposal.

*Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*

Theoretical contentment is not an indispensable condition of acquiescence in Lord Russell's Government. If Lord Stanley's party connection had happened to coincide with his political tendencies; if Mr. Lowe had not pledged himself against an alteration of the Parliamentary franchise; if, finally,

Mr. Bright had been a possible Minister under the existing Constitution, a Liberal Government might have been as strong in Parliamentary ability as in the numbers of its adherents. Under present circumstances, the Opposition will perhaps have the advantage in debate; yet it is possible that some members of the Government may display unsuspected powers under the pressure of increased responsibility. Mr. CARDWELL, who has hitherto remained in the background, though he is neither impassioned nor eloquent, commands general respect as a clear-headed, discreet, and upright man of business. With the exception of Mr. Gladstone, he has no superior in the House as a financier, and of all the members of the Cabinet he is perhaps the least likely to compromise himself or his colleagues by a blunder. Sir GEORGE GREY is a good speaker, and, notwithstanding his want of administrative vigour, he has always been popular in the House. Mr. MILNER GIBSON is a lively debater, and he is also useful as a representative or hostage of the extreme Liberal party. Mr. VILLIERS sometimes prevails, by energy and force of argument, over the opposition which is naturally provoked by a gratuitously pugnacious manner. If Lord Russell can keep his Government and his party united, his large majority will secure him against defeat; and Mr. Gladstone is a match in debate for more than one formidable adversary.

It has been said, with some truth, that the Ministry will have an additional difficulty in forming any new alliance as long as its policy is undetermined; but, as it is certain that none of its measures can be rejected before the meeting of Parliament, hasty and premature pledges would be more mischievous than the postponement of any personal arrangements. Three weeks ago Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone could have decided on no course of policy except under condition of its being sanctioned by Lord Palmerston. As it is highly probable that their present independence may have affected their opinions and intentions, it is scarcely reasonable to complain that they have not yet published a political programme. It may for many reasons be anticipated that a Reform Bill will be announced at the opening of the Session, but the details, if not the principle of the measure, are probably still undetermined. The secondary members of the Cabinet must in some degree be taken into council, although, as they have always followed Lord Palmerston both in his promotion and his discouragement of Reform, there is no reason to apprehend any unreasonable outbreak of obstinacy. As long as the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer can contrive to agree between themselves, the Cabinet will perhaps be in better discipline than it was in the later part of Lord Palmerston's reign. Two possible ringleaders of mutiny have been promoted to supreme command, and any impracticable colleague might now be dismissed with comparatively little inconvenience. Lord Palmerston had found, by painful experience, in his first term of office as Premier, that his Liberal rivals were capable of becoming his most troublesome opponents. Since 1862, when Mr. Gladstone's Budgets began to show a favourable balance, any attempt to transfer to other hands the administration of finance would have been immediately fatal to the Government. A Cabinet which includes only one or two indispensable members is secure from some of the most obvious chances of disruption. If any casualty were unfortunately to compel Mr. Gladstone's retirement, it would become necessary to form some entirely new Administration; but the withdrawal even of the Prime Minister would only accelerate Mr. Gladstone's succession, and it would not necessitate any considerable change in the distribution of subordinate offices.

A prosperous financial condition always increases the security of a Government, and it is more especially advantageous to a skilful Chancellor of the Exchequer who is himself the principal Minister. For the third or fourth successive year, there will be a surplus revenue to distribute amongst the most urgent or most deserving claimants of relief; and the House of Commons and the country would almost unanimously desire that Mr. Gladstone should continue the task which he has for some years accomplished with great success and unequalled popularity. It is true, as Mr. HENLEY said at Abingdon, that Lord Palmerston might have been justly proud of the personal influence which he exercised, even when his policy received little abstract approval. Mr. Gladstone has not thus far secured equal confidence in his tact and judgment, but he is far more likely to introduce beneficial legislation, and he inspires the young and sanguine with hopes which would certainly not have been suggested or encouraged by his late official chief. It is perhaps not his fault that he will be unable to keep clear of Parliamentary Reform,

though his activity might find safer employment in devising improvements of a different kind. If he should be content with moderate changes, and recommend them with temperance and patience, he may perhaps enter on the management of a remodelled House of Commons with additional reputation and power. It must be flattering even to the object of innumerable criticisms to receive from all sides the assurances that his future supremacy depends entirely on himself. Even supporters of the Opposition delight to exaggerate the contrast between Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues, and sometimes they disturb themselves with premature alarms for the effect of his impending labours on his health.

The House of Commons will probably not be driven into rebellion against the Government by the taunt that the Knights and Burgesses have, through the absence of Secretaries of State, been reduced to form only an antechamber to the House of Lords. It is undoubtedly inconvenient that three great departments should be represented in the House by Under-Secretaries, especially as Mr. GLADSTONE will speak with imperfect authority on questions relating to foreign affairs, to the army, and to the navy; yet it would be impossible to change the present distribution of offices without detriment to the public service. The Duke of SOMERSET and Lord DE GREY served long apprenticeships in the Admiralty and the War Office, and both Ministers earned a respectable position in the House of Commons before they succeeded to their present titles. There is no candidate in the House for the administration of the Foreign Office, for Lord CLARENDON'S long experience and diplomatic aptitude would, under any circumstances, be preferred to the rough energy of Mr. LAYARD. After all, the House of Commons has not to mourn the universal obscurity of the greater official luminaries, for the Secretaries of State for the Home Department, for the Colonies, and for India still retain their places on the Treasury Bench. It is probable that many careless or indifferent readers of newspapers have forgotten the existence of Sir GEORGE GREY, of Sir CHARLES WOOD, and of Mr. CARDWELL. After the removal of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT to the Upper House, the anomaly which has lately excited so many complaints was still more flagrant than it is at present. The substitution of Mr. CARDWELL for the Duke of NEWCASTLE tended to restore the so-called antechamber to its proper rank as the principal apartment of the constitutional mansion. On the whole, moderate politicians are inclined to admit that, although the reconstituted Cabinet is perhaps not the best possible Ministry, it may be the best Ministry possible at the present moment. Fresh ability may probably display itself in the new Parliament, and a few rising reputations may be increased and established. Unluckily, there is in the meantime no considerable supply of eligible candidates for Cabinet offices.

ABYSSINIA AND MEXICO.

THE elaborate statement which Lord RUSSELL has just published in defence of the policy adopted by the Foreign Office may possibly fail to show why Consul CAMERON has been imprisoned, when he is likely to be released, what obligations we have incurred towards the Emperor THEODORE, why Lord RUSSELL sent him no reply to the letter addressed by him to the QUEEN, or what are our moral and religious duties towards a nation which we are glad to learn is in spiritual communion with the Church of England; but it most indisputably shows how enormous are the difficulties which press on civilized nations in their dealings with nations half-civilized or barbarous. On all sides, under every variety of form, in every quarter of the globe, these difficulties are the constant source of anxiety, the daily trouble, the ever-present care to the leading nations of the earth. No great country escapes the common lot, and it is the special labour of this generation to have to undertake the gigantic task of dealing with semi-barbarism on a new scale and on new principles. The old system was very simple. Barbarians were made to be shot; if they were from motives of humanity or policy preserved alive, they were made to serve as slaves. But this is too rude a philosophy for these times, and we are always being pushed on in a groove in which we feel that we must go, although to go in it is a vexation and almost a mortification to us. We should dearly like to stop, but we find it impossible, and the only satisfaction is that all our neighbours have a burden to bear like our own. We have a war in New Zealand scarcely ended, a war in Bhootan just going to begin, and we only escape from a war in Abyssinia because it is utterly impossible for our troops to act in that

disordered, remote, tropical country. Russia is for ever pushing forward her troops, annexing this or that kind of Tartary, leaving the bones of her peasant soldiers to whiten on the banks of a new river or to fertilize a new Asiatic plain. The Americans have the hardest task of all, for their barbarians live in their midst, and torture them in daily life. The irrepressible nigger is something much worse than any Englishman is called on to endure; and it is taxing the energy, the patience, the statesmanship, and the good sense of a nation without any superior in those qualities, to make him a decent and responsible being without breaking up all the bonds of society. France has its troubles too. The wild tribes of Algeria are again in arms, and are most formidable foes. They are as good soldiers as the Maoris, there are infinitely more of them, and there are no colonists ready to attack them, and to show the troops of the Government how to take barbarian strongholds. Looking at the labour, the loss of life, the misery involved in coercing and overpowering barbarians, we are very thankful to see any limitation of the area of our efforts. Where we have a duty before us we are willing to go on and do it. We must hold India, and we must tranquillize New Zealand; but it is very comforting to hear that we have now no policy in Abyssinia, that we are determined to let our spiritual allies cut their throats and disgrace their religion in their own pleasant way, and that Consul CAMERON—that unhappy, too zealous official—will be employed in a very different region if only we can get him out of the horrors that surround him now.

But, of all the experiments in pushing forward into the dark places of the earth the bright light of common decency and of a rudimentary kind of order and good government, the most interesting perhaps that is now going on is that which is being made in Mexico. The interest of Mexico rises above that of Bhootan and Algeria, because we in India, and the French in Algeria, only wish to shoot enough Bhootanese and enough Algerines to keep the remainder content to be circumscribed in the limits of a harmless savagery; whereas, in Mexico, the EMPEROR aspires to govern, and to make happy and good the large remnant of his subjects whom he is not called on to shoot. The issue of the dealings with the negro now going on in the United States is of more importance than the fate of the Mexican Empire, for the whole character of the American people, which in a few generations will affect for good or for evil so large a portion of the inhabitants of the globe, must be greatly determined by the relation in which the white man ultimately decides to stand to the black man. But there is so much that is repulsive in the negro that, deeply important as are the issues which he raises, there is not much that is interesting about him or his destinies. The Mexicans have at least the merit of not being repulsive; and whether the present attempt to tame them and make them of some use in the world, and to induce them by force or kindness to abandon their evil ways, meet with success or not, is a problem the nicety of which gives it a charm. The chances for and against the new Empire continue to be most evenly balanced. The shadow of a Government under which the Republicans were supposed to fight has now faded away, and JUAREZ has left the field open to his rival. Mr. SEWARD has interpreted the MONROE doctrine to mean that Republican institutions are so bright and pure, so good and successful, that all nations near a great Republic are sure, sooner or later, to adopt them. The Mexican Empire will be left alone, but it will be sure to fall some time, and a Republic will naturally take its place. This is very harmless, and whether it is true or not is a fair subject for theoretical discussion. But practically the Empire is to have its chance, undisturbed by its formidable neighbours, and this is all that it could reasonably ask. Still, no one can venture to say what its chance is worth. The rumours that France is going to withdraw a large portion of her troops are very consistent and incessant, and there may be some truth in them. That the Empire of Mexico can go on without French troops is for the moment impossible; but as French troops cannot always stay there, some preparation for their departure must be gradually made. And in order to hasten the time, if possible, when his throne may be in some measure independent of European support, the Emperor MAXIMILIAN has taken a very singular step. He has adopted, and raised to the rank of Princes, two of the infant grandchildren of ITURBIDE, who was Emperor of Mexico immediately after the independence of the country was established. That it should be contemplated as possible to entrust some day the reins of the Mexican Empire to a Mexican is certainly the best mode of proclaiming how sanguine are the anticipations which the country excites in the heart of its present ruler. It may very

probably be true that there was nothing better to be done, as the EMPEROR has no children, as he could scarcely get any member of the Royal Houses of Europe to accept the dismal position of his heir, and as he is constantly exposing to every kind of danger his own life, on which the continuance of the present state of things almost entirely depends. But it is impossible not to see that Mr. SEWARD's prophecy may come true, and that, with the United States so close at hand, there is not much probability that a young Mexican could play at being Emperor successfully, and check the disposition to exalt everything republican to the skies.

The EMPEROR may reasonably hope that, even if his Empire does not last, he will not have lived in vain, and that his good works may outlive him. If, as Mr. SEWARD foretells, a Republic is to be one day again established in Mexico, it is possible that, through the French intervention, and through the long labours and wise measures of the EMPEROR, the new Republic may be of a very different sort from that which deserved so richly the miserable fate it has met with. The new Republic may be better because there may be new and better Republicans in it. The whole future of the country, in short, depends on the success or failure of the plan of colonization which has now been established. If a new population, accustomed to order and to good government, and anxious to earn the fruits of labour, and to defend them when won, settles on the chief lines of communication, there may be a governing class to keep down and gradually to assimilate the anarchical hordes which constitute at present so large a section of the population. The EMPEROR has at least taken very great pains to set on foot a feasible system, and to encourage emigrants and give them a fair chance. He has seized on a considerable tract of land, which, although nominally owned by private individuals, has long been lying waste because its owners are indebted to the Government far beyond the value of their estates. If they can prove that an indemnity is due to them, an indemnity is to be paid, but the land is to be given over to those who will cast in their lot with Mexico, and come from foreign countries to try their fortune there. The new comers are to be exempt for a time from taxes and from military service, although they will be enrolled in a local militia for their own defence. There are, however, districts where the first requisite of success is labour, and where there is no Indian population near enough or large enough to make the cultivation of the land possible. In order to meet this want, immigrants are to be invited to bring their labourers with them; that is, the Confederate planters, to whom the appeal is mainly addressed, may be accompanied by their negroes. Slavery is absolutely forbidden, and every slave who touches the soil of Mexico is to be at once free. But the labourers, like Coolies in our colonies, will be obliged to serve a term of not less than five, or more than ten, years with their employers. In return, the employer is bound to pay them, to feed them, to provide for their children if they die in his service, and to contribute on their behalf to a fund in the savings'-bank of the State, which will suffice to give them a start when the period of their service is at an end. Government Commissioners, too, will be appointed to see that the labourers are properly treated. There can be no pretext for saying that this is only introducing slavery under another form; and if the richest districts of Mexico are ever to be cultivated, it is difficult to see how the cultivation can be begun effectually on any other plan. Whether adventurers will be found to avail themselves of this scheme remains to be seen, but the probability seems to be that there will be people ready to try what they can make of the opening. It is sometimes asked why any one who can get land in the United States should take the trouble to go to Mexico? The simple answer is, that he has the chance of making a much larger fortune. The district where the EMPEROR proposes to settle the first comers is only about seventy miles from the Atlantic, is on the main line of communication, is four thousand feet above the sea, and can grow almost every tropical product in perfection, and in a profusion that is almost incredible. It might involve some risk or some discomfort to begin cultivation there, but certainly not greater risk or greater discomfort than men willingly undergo if they hear of a new gold-field or a new oil-spring, and the possibilities of enormous wealth in Mexico are great enough to act with all their accustomed force. At any rate, we wish that we could believe that Consul CAMERON has as good a chance of getting out of the clutches of the Abyssinians as immigrants into Mexico would have of making a rapid fortune.

ITALY.

THE dismissal of Mgr. MERODE is a symptom that the Vatican is gathering itself to meet the supreme moment when the French garrison will have left Rome. The retirement of the MINISTER OF WAR removes a fractional part of the hundred probable causes of a collision between the Papal authorities and the populace. Enough chances of a conflict will continue to remain unless the Ministry of War itself should be abolished, and the Papal army (such as it is) safely hidden away among the hills, under the protection of the brigands. If Cardinal ANTONELLI's sole desire had been to effect the disgrace of an impracticable rival, he would scarcely have succeeded in conquering the prejudice created at the Vatican in Mgr. MERODE's favour by his honesty, his bigotry, and his unconquerable foolhardiness. The change at the Ministry of War more probably denotes a deliberate revolution of plan for the coming Papal campaign. The vessel is nearing the rapids, and the crew wish to trust themselves entirely to the quick eye and hand of ANTONELLI. If, in truth, Pio Nono is persuaded that to draw the sword even in self-protection is a mistake, and that the carnal zeal of St. PETER can bear, in the case of St. PETER's representative, to be diluted, it is clear that Mgr. MERODE was wasting the precious resources of the Holy See upon useless and dangerous objects. That he was prepared to fling his own private fortune into the same bottomless morass was a proof of an honesty which no one doubted, and of an infatuation which might end by destroying the cause. He has fallen, and with him has fallen his system of defensive tactics. Cardinal ANTONELLI will henceforward be sole director; and the new VAUBAN, like the cat in Æsop's fable, has doubtless a whole volume of manœuvres on each of which he reposes the most sublime confidence. It is by no means improbable that he intends to adopt what may be called, without irreverence, the defensive system of the Catacombs. The ruin of the Cardinal Minister as a politician has been his ignorance of the great political change that has during the last fifteen years been going on in Europe, and his credulous dependence upon the petty foibles of mankind. From the first he has underrated the Imperial strength of NAPOLEON III., and has assumed on *à priori* grounds that, in the event of a threatened rupture between the French EMPEROR and the Vatican, the EMPEROR would be the first to flinch. He still perhaps considers that the POPE will be all the stronger, in the eyes of Europe, if he turns his cheek to the smiter; and that to leave Rome with patient dignity will be better than to contest its possession in the smoke of a pitched battle. He may in one sense be right. If the POPE is destined to become a pilgrim or an exile, it will be wiser to abstain from placing between His HOLINESS and His HOLINESS's home a barrier of Roman blood. But the Cardinal Minister is scarcely so imbecile as to imagine that the unarmed helplessness of the Vatican would be of itself enough to disarm irreligion, and to make the French EMPEROR arrest the arm of the Roman revolution in mid air. The EMPEROR is a hundred times more powerful than Roman Ultramontanists—shut up in their little corner of the world, and depending for their knowledge of European politics on the gossip of women and of priests—can ever understand. Should Pio Nono persevere in an attitude of blind hostility to reform, France will see him driven from his throne with no remorse, or even with a fair amount of satisfaction. NAPOLEON III. may decline to allow Italy to usurp the vacant seat, but the windy hope that at the last he will and must interfere to rescue Papal abuses from their fate could reside only in the breast of a Court which thinks that the decision of the statesmen of Europe will be swayed by the small calculations and manœuvres which might be omnipotent in a Roman drawing-room.

It seems, however, possible that the advisers of the Vatican may be about to adopt a more conciliatory attitude towards VICTOR EMMANUEL and Italy. If it be true that the official journal has been rebuked for the tone of offensive personality with which it has so continually chastened the erring Italian monarch, the change is startling and significant. The ill health of Mgr. MERODE affords Cardinal ANTONELLI an opportunity of laying the blame of such peccadilloes on the shoulders of the retiring Minister; and if such an excuse has been really offered, it will be accepted by the Cabinet of Florence with equal pleasure and incredulity. Should it appear that all the hard names lavished during the last five years upon the King of ITALY and his impious Ministers proceeded from the sacred zeal of Mgr. MERODE, that Minister will have established a reputation for cursing before which minor sons of thunder like ERNULPHUS will be for ever eclipsed. Perhaps it may yet turn out—now that Mgr. MERODE is compelled to avail

himself of sea-bathing—that VICTOR EMMANUEL believes in the immortality of the soul, and Prince NAPOLEON's children may have a chance of being baptized while they are still in the bloom of youth. The rumoured intention to proclaim, at the next General Council, that the infallibility of the POPE is a dogma of the Christian faith, will seem less objectionable if it is admitted to be nothing but a constitutional way of enacting that the POPE's advisers shall be deemed morally responsible for Papal errors. The Queen of ENGLAND, as is well known, can do no wrong; and it may be equally convenient to hold that Cardinal Ministers are the proper scape-goats on whom Heaven and the Church will visit without reserve all the sins of a Pope. Such a comforting conviction might even assist PIO NONO to wade through the perplexing difficulties of the *Non Possumus*; and there is no reason to suppose that the prospect of vicarious punishment would deter ANTONELLI from finding a back-door of escape out of the Papal consecration formula. If the Minister were an abler diplomatist, and the master less of a chivalrous fanatic, even at this eleventh hour the Papacy might successfully endeavour to reconcile its teaching to the idea of a united Italy and to the dictates of common sense.

The Liberals of Italy and Rome have very little to gain by any specious concessions on the part of the Roman Court. They have, on the contrary, everything to lose; and it is not impossible that Cardinal ANTONELLI has persuaded himself of the fact. The cause of the Romans would perhaps be in some real danger if the POPE were a more worldly-minded man. Cardinal ANTONELLI ranks rather as an intriguer than as a statesman, but the Cardinal, under a less pious and illumined Pontiff, might be capable of granting, out of worldly prudence, some meagre sops of reform. Even the *Giornale di Roma*, in those rare moments when its faith is overclouded and its common sense begins to glimmer, has been known to hint that perhaps ST. PETER himself might not object to some kind of alteration in the municipal arrangements of his capital, if framed in a spirit of the deepest reverence. The present POPE is not an unkindly man, nor is the discomfort of his subjects a serious object, but a *régime* under which Cardinals govern and Romans obey seems to him the most feasible form of theocratical government. The popular objections to such a system naturally are classed at the Vatican under the comprehensive head of Infidelity; and as it is understood that VOLTAIRE objected to priestly power, the advisers of HIS HOLINESS logically infer that a longing for decent administration is one of the most naked forms of modern French Deism. The news that the ruptured conferences to which M. VEGEZZI lent his name are on the point of renewal comes, by an opportune accident, in the same week with the fall of Mgr. MERODE. The interest which France has taken in these negotiations lends them a significance which they might not otherwise possess. But even here the conscientious scruples of the POPE will be a considerable obstacle to an understanding between the Papacy and Italy. To assume that no means can be discovered of evading the difficulties of the episcopal oath would be to cast an imputation on the casuistical ability of Rome of which the Roman casuists and Jesuits are totally undeserving. Interpretations, we may respectfully believe, are capable of being found which would quiet even the tumultuous conscience of PIO NONO, and allow him to grasp at a Royal proposal for the return of the Bishops so eminently for the benefit of the Church. To Italy, indeed, such missions are of considerable consequence. It concerns every patriotic citizen of the new Kingdom to see that no advances shall be made to Rome which infringe on the dignity of the Crown or reflect on the authority of the national title-deeds. But if the negotiations are confined to the Episcopal question, then, despite the importance which France ostentatiously attributes to the affair, to Europe at large they are only of temporary moment. They give HIS HOLINESS an air of willingness to be reasonable and friendly—an air which the French EMPEROR, for reasons of his own, is anxious that PIO NONO should adopt. But little will have been effected if the high contracting parties limit themselves to the immediate subject of the VEGEZZI overtures. Yet the Vatican cannot, without a sacrifice of consistency, enlarge the area of discussion. In their projects for the conversion of religious property, for the suppression of the regular orders, and for the supervision by the State of the ecclesiastical seminaries, the Cabinet of VICTOR EMMANUEL declares war against the cherished ideas of PIO NONO, and flies in the face of his most elaborate Encyclicals. While the present POPE and the present Cabinet of Florence last, there is a gulf fixed between Italy and the Vatican across which the ingenuity even of the Second Empire will find it hard to throw a bridge.

Nevertheless, a show of reformatory measures at the Vatican might produce grave consequences, as far as the Italians are concerned. Let us assume that Cardinal ANTONELLI had genius of the Machiavellian class. It is not difficult to conjecture what, under such circumstances, he might attempt to do. His plan would be to concede such a minimum of reform as would render it impossible for Italy to say that it had found the Papacy altogether impracticable. NAPOLEON III. is not perhaps afraid of the Papacy. Yet, as far as Italy is concerned, he has common interests to a certain extent with the POPE. He cannot but be anxious to support the Vatican, if he can do so with decency and with conscience. Cardinal ANTONELLI's cleverest game would be to give the French EMPEROR a decorous excuse for continuing an effective moral support, even if the French troops are to be withdrawn. Friendly overtures to Italy, a fair show of reasonableness, a step towards better government in the Holy City, would be part of such a Machiavellian plan. The fall of Mgr. MERODE looks very much as if ANTONELLI meant to embark on this illusory course. A serious reconciliation with Italy seems certainly out of the question. If VICTOR EMMANUEL were willing to make large concessions, his new Parliament is not, for in all material points the new Parliament resembles the old, and the moderate Liberals who constitute the majority are not moderate in the sense of being ready to sacrifice a tithe of national interest to Rome. But the views of the Papacy will be sufficiently served if its agents can persuade Europe that HIS HOLINESS does not object to descend from his stony position of immobility, and to meet Italy, if only a quarter of the way. At the present moment both Italy and the POPE stand in need of the assistance of the moral opinion of the world. The moral opinion of the world is often caught by empty pretensions and by fair words, and Cardinal ANTONELLI may yet try to angle for it as a last resource. Such a change of policy at the Vatican is no good news to Italy. The Italians will require all their diplomacy, and all their good temper, to be able to deal with it. They cannot, accordingly, be congratulated on the fall of Mgr. MERODE, if his fall be taken as a sign that a system of open defiance at the Vatican is to be exchanged for a system of craft and tactics.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE AND THE FENIANS.

THE two troubles upon which Sir CHARLES WOOD moralized the other day form a curious contrast in the illustrations they afford of the working of our political system. We should never wish to display our Constitution to better advantage than in the suppression of an insurrectionary movement such as Fenianism. We can show the Americans a secession movement in which not a single respectable person has shown the slightest sympathy with the seceders; we can show the Russians an insurrection to which neither the resentment of subjugated nationality, nor the restlessness of a popular religion slighted by the State, could lend even the semblance of importance. A Government which is powerful enough to crush a rebellion without hesitation or delay, and at the same time without cruelty, and which is yet self-restrained enough never to excite widespread discontent, appears to justify all the eulogies which Englishmen are accustomed to bestow on their Constitution. But it seems to be only against the human enemies of the community that it can display this promptitude and sagacity. A foreigner who wishes for his revenge has only to wait till some material danger has to be resisted or averted. If it is a question of warding off a pestilence, or regulating poisonous employments which are sweeping away infant life, or mitigating the scourge of pauperism, there are few foreign Governments whose mode of proceeding does not compare advantageously with our own. In all that concerns preparation for averting epidemic disease, our inferiority is especially manifest. While they are actively taking precautions, our authorities are lazily studying the newspaper correspondence to see if any danger actually exists; by the time the evil is upon us, we have satisfied ourselves that there is a case for inquiry; and when the calamity has spent its fury, and has done all the harm it is likely to do, Government at last comes to the conclusion that the time for energetic measures has arrived.

The cattle plague seems destined to furnish a cardinal illustration of the impotence of our form of government to guard our people from any calamities but those which are inflicted by human enemies. If the Fenian movement had been resisted with half the helplessness and negligence that has been displayed in dealing with the rinderpest, Fenianism would by this time have been something very much more important than an instrument for bleeding Irish emigrants. If

the Government had allowed the Head Centre to establish himself and his Cabinet and Congress in Dublin instead of New York, to send every market-day a new batch of emissaries to the principal towns, to gather recruits in every county, and, after this had been going on for three months, had appointed a Royal Commission to examine into the nature of Fenianism and the best mode of arresting its progress, they would have been furnishing a fair precedent for the course that has been pursued in dealing with the cattle plague. The only difference is, that the cattle plague spreads itself very much more rapidly, and by far more subtle means, than ever Fenianism is likely to do. In the case of both these enemies, the first thing is to prevent their landing; and if, by any misadventure, they have been allowed to land, the next most important thing is to prevent their penetrating further into the country. The same accuracy of information which enabled the Government to learn the names of the Fenian emissaries in Ireland, and to seize the right moment for pouncing upon them, might have informed them that the rinderpest was raging in Hungary, and that, owing to the new railway communication opened, Hungary was distant but a few days from England. The real character of the danger was not more open to doubt in one case than in the other. The intense contagiousness of the disease, and the enormous fatality which has hitherto attended it, would not be a subject of uncertainty to any one who chose to inform himself upon the subject. In Continental countries which have been forced to take precautions against the danger, even before the railways brought it to their frontiers, no vigilance in guarding against it is thought exaggerated. Every care is taken that it shall not pass the frontier, and if it should chance to do so, and to show itself within the country, not a moment is lost in isolating the spot upon which it has broken out. All this was, of course, well known to our Government. They could not have blinded themselves to the danger of a contagion whose intense energy was witnessed to by every man of science, every agriculturist, every official practically acquainted with the subject, and was attested by nothing more forcibly than by the extreme precautions taken against it by every government and people who had been exposed to it.

Of course, it may be urged that Fenianism is more important than the rinderpest, and therefore justified a stretch of executive power which would not have been defensible in the other case. This is a question of comparative appraisalment on which it is difficult to express a confident opinion. If Fenianism had been introduced into Ireland, it might have cost the lives of some hundreds, or at most one or two thousands, of Irish. If the cattle plague goes on as long and extends its ravages as widely as it did a century ago, there seems to be no reason why the number of cattle likely to be lost should not be counted by millions. Even according to the returns issued by the Government, one single importation of infection has already been the death of twelve thousand. How many, at this rate, the number of beasts now infected all over the country are likely to kill in a year or two, is a sum in geometrical progression of which the result would be as startling as the price which was accumulated by the shoemills of the Eastern sage's horse. And, to make our prospect still worse, the number of deaths reported by Government rests on no statistical basis, but merely represents the returns which have been made, against their own interest, by certain farmers and cowkeepers of an exceptionally candid disposition. Most authorities are agreed that the returns are valueless; though the extent of their deficiency is variously estimated at from one hundred to five hundred per cent. The loss of a quarter of the whole number of our cattle, which is anticipated by some persons, does not seem beyond the range of probability. This would give the comparative probable ravages of Fenianism and of the rinderpest—supposing the Government had treated both with equal negligence—as one to a thousand, it being, of course, understood that the figures in one case express Irishmen, and in the other case horned cattle. That consideration makes a difference undoubtedly; but it may be doubted whether, in the minds of any of the Anglo-Saxon part of the community, one Irishman can be taken to be worth anything like a thousand cattle. On the whole, therefore, the probable results would have justified the application to the cattle plague of a little of that vigour which was shown in stamping out Fenianism. Only a very mild dose of it would have been required. There would have been no need for any of those strong-minded proceedings by which the Irish Unionists, at a respectful distance, have been emulating their American exemplars. There would have been no necessity for sending prisoners back to gaol

without the semblance of a case against them, or stopping the payment of a bill of exchange by a warrant from the law officers of the Crown. Nothing was required but to stop the movement of cattle out of one or two places for a short time—provided that the measure had been taken promptly. A comparatively slight exertion of power in June would have rendered needless the indiscriminate poleaxing to which the Government have now resorted, when it is too late to do more than mark the track of the disease. The time lost then is irrecoverable now.

What the Royal Commission will recommend, or whether it will make any recommendation at all, it is impossible to predict. It is not worth while to make a selection among the various rumours that are afloat as to its intentions. Whatever its proposals may be, it is to be feared they will be too late to do much practical good. The contagion will hardly be stamped out till it dies out for sheer lack of fuel.

GERMANY.

AS no English politician recommends or anticipates interference in German controversies, it might perhaps be desirable to discuss the subject in a courteous and dispassionate spirit. More than one Foreign Secretary has been justly or unjustly censured for lecturing independent Powers, instead of choosing between silence and action; and perhaps there is a national propensity to indulge in a critical assumption of superiority. Every embarrassment which perplexes German statesmen and patriots has lately been regarded by some English writers as a satisfactory example of retributive justice. The theory is not flattering, and, even if it were well founded, it can scarcely be considered exhaustive. The course of history is not constructed, like a child's fable, for the sole purpose of pointing a moral. When complacent spectators have remarked that a government or a nation is rightfully punished, they may conveniently enter on the interpretation of the present and on the probabilities of the future. Yet the partial disappointment which has been suffered by the national party in Germany is not even a proof that the agitation of two years ago was a blunder. The claims which were preferred in the name of the Confederation have been successfully asserted, although the Diet and the minor Governments have been reduced to helpless insignificance. The contemptuous rejection by Prussia and Austria of the pretensions of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG only shows that the arguments for interference which were based on hereditary right have failed to produce a practical effect. The interests of the legitimate heir of the Duchies weighed little with the promoters of the war, although they were used as effective weapons in assailing the title of the House of GLUCKSBURG. The advocates of German unity are at present in the condition of a successful litigant in a suit which had been conducted in the name of an impracticable trustee. Sooner or later the proper owner will secure the fruit of the victory, but for the moment he is unable to obtain possession of his own property. When the King of PRUSSIA lately paid from his private income the price of the Austrian share of Lauenburg, his subjects were contented with a bargain which will undoubtedly enure to the benefit of the Monarchy, and not of the Royal family. For a somewhat similar reason, the party of national union looks complacently on the encroachments of Prussia, in the hope that any addition to a principal body in the system will increase the centripetal force, and tend to the absorption of the smaller satellites. Although Count BISMARCK despises the Liberal party, and more especially the majority of the Prussian House of Deputies, his opponents in domestic politics are inclined to acknowledge that he is in some respects doing their work.

The partially abortive meeting of the members of local Parliaments at Frankfort has not perhaps been altogether distasteful to the Prussian Government. The National Union which has since assembled in the same city has passed a resolution in favour of the creation of a Federal State, to take the place of the actual Federation of States. The distinction between a *Bundesstaat* and a *Staatenbund* has long been familiar to Germans; and the vote is only worth noticing because it includes a proposal that the central authority should be conferred on Prussia. The condition that the transfer shall be sanctioned by a German Parliament is of minor importance. If a sovereign Legislature were about to be established, it would be absurd to prescribe its action beforehand; and if a Frankfort Parliament were in a position to frame a Constitution for Germany, the Prussian Kingdom must have already been merged in a Federal State, or in a Constitutional Empire. The Prussian Deputies who declined to attend the late meeting passed similar resolutions at

Berlin, and although the Government will perhaps scornfully reject their co-operation, their qualified approval will greatly facilitate the prosecution of an ambitious policy. Even in his contemptuous treatment of the Free City of Frankfort, Count BISMARCK is paradoxically promoting the objects of the Association which he denounces. The violation of the constitutional rights of the little City Republic is a precedent for dictation which may hereafter be applied to Hanover or Saxony. LOUIS XIV. and NAPOLEON employed similar measures when they were endeavouring to establish a European Monarchy. If nothing can be done in Germany but what is agreeable to Prussia, a large portion of the central authority has already been transferred, in accordance with the wish of the National Union; and the German Parliament may perhaps come into existence to administer and represent the unity which will have been consummated without its aid. It is not forgotten that the Kingdom of Italy was constituted by unforeseen and almost accidental methods. If CAVOUR and GARIBALDI had abstained from their several enterprises until a National Assembly had adjudged the sovereignty of the Kingdom to Piedmont, the Tuscan and Neapolitan princes might still have remained on their thrones.

The real obstacle to the union of Germany under the Prussian dynasty consists, as of old, in the inevitable resistance of Austria. The unexpected deference which the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has shown to the exactions of his ally and rival has naturally provoked irritation, which often finds vent in exaggerated expressions. Foreign reporters of German opinion deceive themselves by interpreting too literally vague assertions that Austria has ceased to exercise the smallest influence, and that Prussian policy can henceforth meet with no effectual opposition. Nothing is more certain than that the power of States depends, not on their momentary activity, but on the latent material force which they have ultimately power to exert. Only a few years ago, Prussia was exposed to precisely the same kind of reproaches, as having abdicated the functions of a great European Power by an obstinately timid neutrality during the Russian war. The revenues, the population, and the army were undiminished, but popular expectation had been disappointed, and the influence of the Monarchy was for a time suspended or diminished. At a much later period, the Emperor of AUSTRIA assembled the majority of the German Princes at Frankfort to witness and sanction his own virtual assumption of the primacy which had belonged to his ancestors. Many speakers and writers undertook to prove that Prussia had forfeited all claim to represent the nation; yet the tacit disapproval of the Prussian Government was sufficient to defeat the entire Austrian scheme. An active and ambitious Minister has since taken a favourable opportunity to reverse the relative positions of the two great German Powers; but there has been no change in their comparative strength, and the difficulties which compel Austria to acquiesce in inaction may perhaps soon be removed. If a compromise with Hungary were once effected, the ruler of ten millions of German subjects and of thirty millions of foreigners would not submit to be either practically or formally extruded from the Confederacy. The mass of Austria is too large to be assimilated by an alien organization, and malcontents can always take refuge from Prussian aggression under the shelter of the Imperial throne.

It is not an improbable conjecture that Germany may eventually be divided into two great monarchies, surrounded perhaps by systems of dependent principalities. The Catholic South and the Protestant North may naturally group themselves respectively round Austria and Prussia. Either Power would stand in the front rank of European States, especially if they thought fit to act together in external affairs. A corresponding result of the Italian movement would, down to 1860, have satisfied the ambition of CAVOUR. The Kingdom of Italy, of which he had from his earliest youth hoped to be Minister, was bounded, in his imagination, by the Tiber, or perhaps by the Garigliano. The windfall of Naples and Sicily was welcome, but it was almost wholly unexpected. There is no chance that Austria will be overrun by a GARIBALDI, and the House of HAPSBURG is strong in the affections of its oldest hereditary subjects. The project of forming a national centre at Frankfort is an unsubstantial dream. The Parliament of 1848, in the midst of the wildest revolutionary excitement, found it necessary to offer the Imperial Crown to the King of PRUSSIA, on condition of his adopting the national cause. It would not have been possible to proceed so far if the Austrian Monarchy had not at the moment been reduced to the verge of dissolution. Prussia will find sufficient employment in extending her power over Saxony, Hanover, Hesse,

and the Northern principalities. The present KING is perhaps restrained by scruples from encroaching on the dominions of his allies, but his future successor is thought to entertain the opinions of the Duke of SAXE COBURG; and if he allies himself with the Parliamentary party at home, he may ensure the cordial support of the Liberal party in the neighbouring States. The fate of Schleswig and Holstein has ceased to command any special interest. If the Danish districts of Schleswig were restored to their proper ruler, German patriots and their well-wishers could scarcely desire to see the establishment of another little State which will be incapable of independent action. Although the National Union recommends the convocation of the Ducal Estates, its members agree with Count BISMARCK in demanding for Prussia the exclusive command of all naval and military resources. When the real sovereignty of a country is practically vested in a powerful Government, it seems unnecessary and inconvenient to create a subordinate local dynasty.

THE WYVERN AND SCORPION.

PARTLY by accident, partly by compulsion, but scarcely at all by voluntary effort, the Admiralty is beginning to learn something about the novel class of ships which seem not unlikely to furnish the model for future navies. Almost every other device for the construction of fighting ships has been made the subject of careful experiment, and with very various results; but the turret principle has been left to force its way as best it might through the impenetrable armour of official prejudice. When the *Warrior* was designed, it was an accepted axiom that no ship could be expected to float with more than four or five inches of armour-plating. The *Hercules* has just been laid down upon designs which provide for nine inches of iron-casing. The same rapid advance in the notions of shipbuilders is shown in the character of the ordnance which it is thought necessary to use. For a long time the old 95-cwt. gun was pronounced to be the heaviest weapon with which a ship could be armed, and so recently as the time when the *Warrior* was built the attempt to carry cannon of greater weight and power was given up in despair. Now, no ship is designed without making provision for at least 6-ton guns, and these are being rapidly superseded by the formidable 300-pounders, which weigh just twice as much. Even in the disposition of the armament the same movement is observable, and those who recently maintained the strict broadside theory are now content to stipulate for a central tower, pierced, according to the old fashion, with broadside ports. Before any of these novelties were introduced, the system of pivot-mounting had been recognised as the most effective, if not the only practicable, arrangement for working the heavier class of guns. Almost before armour-plating was thought of, the gun-boats designed during the Crimean war were all fitted with heavy pivot-guns, and the same plan had been adopted with success in every previous attempt at carrying ordnance of more than the ordinary size. A revolving turret may be called the natural mode of protecting a pivot-gun, just as broadside plates were seen to be the obvious defence for the old-fashioned battery, and it was not surprising that the conviction of the necessity of using heavier guns and stouter armour should have given birth to such inventions as that of Captain COLES. But, for some reason intelligible only on grounds which reflect little credit on the administrators and constructors of the Navy, this mode of meeting at once the two great requirements of a man-of-war has never been acknowledged by the Admiralty as worthy of a trial. It is true that the British Navy does contain three turret-ships, but of these the *Royal Sovereign* was allowed to be converted only in obedience to a universal demand which it was not thought safe openly to resist; and the two others, the *Wyvern* and the *Scorpion*, have become the property of the Government rather from the desire to escape political embarrassment than from any wish to do justice to the turret principle. No one of these vessels is, or professes to be, a model turret-ship. One is not, and perhaps cannot well be, rigged for ocean service, and in the others the essential qualities of a man-of-war have been to some extent sacrificed to the object of obtaining good serviceable ships of moderate size, capable of running a blockade without very serious risk. They are inadequately protected, insufficient in size, and far too defective in accommodation to serve the purpose of cruisers of the British navy. For their original destination they were, perhaps, the best vessels that could be built, but their design is in every way inferior as men-of-war to that which the Admiralty Committee rejected when proposed by Captain COLES. No fair judgment on the new mode of construction can be pronounced from the beha-

viour of ships confessedly unfitted for the duties which a good iron-clad cruiser ought to perform; and yet, with all these drawbacks, the soundness of the general principle has shown itself in a manner which would carry conviction to the mind of any one but a Lord of the Admiralty. Neither the *Royal Sovereign* nor the smaller turret-ships can be credited with all the good qualities which make up a model cruiser; but the defects of the larger and smaller vessels are wholly different, and a ship could without difficulty be built to combine their merits, and would then be not far from a perfect specimen of what a turret-ship should be.

The *Royal Sovereign* is so familiarly known that any description is needless. It was admitted that she could work her 300-pounder guns in all weathers with a facility not yet approached in any broadside ship, and that she was essentially a habitable ship. No substantial fault, indeed, has ever been found with her except that she was not a sea-going vessel, in the sense of being able to cruise both under steam and under sail. The *Wyvern* and *Scorpion*, from their smaller size and from the special conditions of the service for which they were constructed, are very inferior to the *Royal Sovereign* in accommodation, and no one will be surprised to find that they are pronounced uncomfortable ships; but if they want some of the good qualities of the converted ship they are entirely free from her defects. They are both said to be good sea-going boats, and the circumstances of their recent trial afforded the best possible test of their quality in this respect. The narrative of their experimental cruise in the Channel appears side by side with the catalogue of disasters which have been caused by the heavy gales of the last week or two, and the details of their behaviour prove that they have nothing to fear from wind and waves. The worst tide-way in the Channel was selected to test their mettle in some of the worst weather of the year, and their rolling qualities were ingeniously developed to the utmost by laying them broadside to the waves. The guns of the *Scorpion* were practised in a heavy sea at a target so close as to require extreme depression, but no difficulty was found in making practice accurate enough to destroy any boat which might attempt to creep inside the range of her guns. Under the severest trials, the only complaints seem to have been that the vessels were wet and uncomfortable, and defective in accommodation and ventilation. These are not small faults, but, as they have been almost entirely obviated in the *Royal Sovereign*, they have clearly no necessary connection with the principle of construction which is common to all these vessels. In no case did the seas that washed over the decks find their way into the turrets, and the working of the guns was never impeded by all that the weather could do. Both ships are reported to have worked well and handily, whether under steam or sail, though a remarkable superiority both in speed and steadiness was exhibited by the *Scorpion*, which had her guns on board, over the *Wyvern*, which had been loaded with what was meant to be an equivalent amount of ballast. The fears that were entertained (without much reason) as to the strength of the tripod masts have proved wholly groundless, and alarmists who suggested that the iron masts would suffer from the working of the ship in a sea-way have been reassured by finding that there is not so much as a crack in the paint to indicate a trace of mischief. Had the trial been less conspicuously successful, the result would have furnished no reason for neglecting the further application of the principle. Vessels of larger dimensions built expressly for the navy might easily be made to surpass the rams, which were constructed for very different duties. As cruisers, the *Wyvern* and *Scorpion* want both the speed and the comfort which are essential in frigates designed to keep the sea; but the facility with which these little corvettes can be handled and fought, in the worst of weather, is conclusive proof that the main objections urged against turret cruisers are altogether imaginary. Whether, after a complete trial of a fair specimen of the class, any fresh defects might show themselves, as they almost always do show themselves in every new model that is tested, cannot at present be foreseen; but if the success of experiments under the most unfavourable conditions is any reason for following out the same track, the experience which has been gained from the three turreted ships of the navy ought surely to be brought to bear upon the immediate construction of the most perfect model that the Royal dockyards can turn out. Until this is done the public will be justified in believing that a prejudice against unofficial schemes is the real cause of the neglect with which all suggestions in favour of turret ships have hitherto been treated. If it is to be done, it is not impossible that the result may show that a great part of the recent expenditure of the

Admiralty has been wasted upon vessels which, however powerful against the broadside of an ordinary antagonist, would have to yield to the superior force of a turret-built cruiser. In the face of the evidence that is accumulating day after day, it is difficult not to prejudge the question at once in favour of the turrets; but without venturing on predictions which might be verified as imperfectly as those which heralded the *Enterprise* and the *Pallas*, it is enough to say that a *prima facie* case for a fair and immediate trial of the turret principle has been more than sufficiently made out by what is now known of the *Royal Sovereign* and the two purchased rams. Since the recommendation of the Admiralty Committee that a two-turreted ship should be at once commenced, no signs of work in this direction have publicly appeared. It is scarcely credible that the promised experiment is to be longer delayed, and it must be presumed that the Admiralty are really preparing, in their own deliberate fashion, to carry out the suggestion which has been forced upon them, not only by the opinion of their own officers, but by ascertained facts which cannot be gainsaid. Meanwhile year after year is being added to the time already lost, and the keel of the model turret-cruiser is not yet laid down.

PRAISE AND BLAME.

THE cant thoughts and sayings which flourish most heartily at the bottom of them. The bit of truth just serves to gain credit for them, and to make thoughtless people forget the nonsense and untruth which have been added. For instance, among large numbers of people of a certain school there is a strong belief in the washy doctrine that a man is only the better for sympathising, and always the worse for condemning. It is the business of the true soul to be ever on the look-out for what is good, and to keep his eyes peacefully closed upon what he might, if he were so injudicious as to allow himself to think at all, think bad. Mild beings of this stamp carry their principle all through the affairs of life. In the people whom you meet you are to see either nobleness and goodness, or else nothing at all. In the actions which pass under your eyes you must either find some good, or else you had better feign not to be aware of them. Of the thoughts which circumstances may suggest, you are to ignore all that is negative, and cling vigorously to such only as are positive. In books, only seek what is true and beautiful; leave what is otherwise to itself. Thus Mr. Stansfeld, at a recent public dinner, made it a matter of great praise to a critic, whose health he was proposing, that he was not of the narrow fault-finding sort. It is extraordinary to find a man of Mr. Stansfeld's capacity echoing one of the hollowest cries of modern literary cant. Such a fact only shows how much even a man of independence and vigour is led by the conventional sayings of his time or his school. It is, in some quarters, the fashion to talk in this way. And here, as in all other examples of successful and thriving cant, there is a sort of truth which serves as a base for the superstratum of what is not true. A man habitually finding fault, habitually on the alert to detect folly or vice, without ever bestowing a thought on whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report, is, as nobody would choose to deny, morally halt and maimed. One half of his faculties, and that the most powerful half, is paralysed and useless. He is like land which produces nothing but thistles and brambles. Of course there are men of this abnormal kind. But they are not so very many. The world would not go on if they were many. Human nature abhors the vacuum which a mistrust or contempt of one's kind, and an uninterrupted fixing of the attention upon weaknesses and faults, are sure to produce.

This is the sum of the truth which the sympathetic doctrine may be held to contain. So far as it goes, it is a very wholesome and indisputable truth. But we are asked to interpret it in a fashion which implies a benumbing of certain of our faculties that is not a whit less unhealthy than the paralysis of others. The truth that it is not good for a man to pass his days in picking holes and finding faults is distorted into the palpable untruth that censure is in no case a function which men do well to perform. The world is to be filled with choruses of praise and universal laudation. The voice of condemnation is no more to be lifted up. The simple duty of the critic is to find themes for the composition of eulogistic hymns. Ignorance and cant, and all the other pests of society, are to be gently ignored. They are to be left alone, and allowed to die in peace in their own good time. All this sounds very soothing or inspiring, as the case may be, only it is well to remember that the pests of society somehow seem unwilling to die this natural death. There is no instance on record of a social pest dying of its own accord. They have always had to be strangled, and even then they have a knack of dying amazingly hard. The common metaphor of an error dying out rather misleads one. Errors come to an end, but not until ever so many mortal strokes have been delivered. It is paying humbug and folly a most unreasonably high compliment to suppose that they are quite willing to retire from the scene the moment that good people cease to look at them. We might suppose that they came spontaneously into the world for the world's advantage, and that now, finding their mission at an end, like good and faithful

servants, they will no longer intrude where they are not wanted. The picture is delightful to think of, but it is a sheer castle in the air. The notion that ignorance and cant will take unto themselves wings and quit the earth is a delusion and a fallacy. They will fight every inch of their ground with as much valour as if their cause were the very best in the world. We, meanwhile, are dreaming that we shall vanquish them by the simple process of looking the other way. This is indeed the unspeakably glorious age of non-intervention. To interfere with the sacred and vested rights of ignorance and charlatanism is "mere fault-finding." If a vulgar and uneducated man assumes the post of the great religious teacher of his age, and takes upon himself to scoff at knowledge and learning and thought, we are still to sit placidly by and strictly hold our peace. He is raised up to do a work. He reaches the great heart of the people. He means well. Another makes it his business to stir up hatred and malice against a large body of his fellow Christians, and confounds preaching the Gospel with a quackish interpretation of prophecies, supported by masses of sham and tinsel learning. But to expose the sham learning, to confute the quackish interpretations, to insist that Christianity does not mean a never-ending war of sects—all this is merely negative. It does not give any comfort to the mind. It diverts the earnest soul from the contemplation of what is true and noble. A third kind of social nuisance takes to our instruction or amusement by means of writing books. Perhaps he is ignorant of his subject and inaccurate, or he has taken no pains, or he writes windy nonsense. Still there is to be no condemnation. This man, too, means well. Even in the worst book one may find a grain of wheat in the bushel of chaff. In forming an estimate of the book you are wholly to forget the bushel of chaff, and talk and write of the grain of wheat only. To take any other course is to prove yourself one of the mere fault-finding sort. It is to incur all the penalties due to the cynic. To expose a humbug is to be bitter, and a sneerer and a reviler, and generally a wretched creature, and it will certainly prevent Mr. Stansfeld from ever proposing your health at a public dinner.

This constant pretext that an author, or a preacher, or a public person of any sort, ought to be sheltered from criticism just because his intentions are good, is really marvellous. Why should a bungler and a blockhead be praised all round for his bungling, simply on the ground that he meant to do his best? If a Minister came down to the House of Commons with a flagrantly bad and stupid measure, it would scarcely be held a valid plea for a neglect on the part of the Opposition to expose its badness that they thought the proposer a man of the best possible intentions. If a general loses a battle through incompetence and want of nerve, the fact that he fully meant to win the battle does not shield him from pungent criticism, nor excuse his being continued in command. When a doctor is convicted of manslaughter, it is his crass ignorance or stupidity that the law condemns, not any assumed ill-intent. Why should any different principle obtain in other cases? Why should all sorts of evil names be given to a critic who, in the manner of the Parliamentary Opposition, exposes the sins or follies of an author or his book? When Mr. Stansfeld went carefully into the system of dockyard accounts, with a view to the discovery of its defects, nobody blamed him for his "fault-finding." Yet we will undertake to say that the accounts of the Royal dockyards are not a more grievous spectacle to a lover of method and correctness than two-thirds of all the books published are to a lover of literature. But the assailant of the bad accounts is a splendid reformer, while the vigorous critic of bad books is only a miserable sneerer and a pitiful cynic.

A principal reason, perhaps, for all this is that in the case of the incapable Minister, or the ignorant doctor, or the bungling commander, the evil results of their misdeeds are patent to all the world. The national finances, for instance, are brought into inextricable confusion. The army is captured or put to the sword. The patient dies. But the mischief done by charlatan teachers and preachers and authors is not tangible. Nobody dies of them, or is even brought into the Bankruptcy Court by them. So the mind is not shocked, as in the other cases. If you are so resolved, you need see nothing whatever but the man's good intentions. It is at our own option whether or not we discern the sour intolerance, the spiritual pride, the ignorant contempt of culture, which one preacher breeds in those who sit at his feet; or the fierce animosities and prejudices that are inflamed by another; or the unctuous nonsense with which a third chokes up mental growth in his hearers. And it is the same with books. The harm that is done indirectly by a perverted history, or by loose and slipshod writing, or by inaccuracies of fact, or by grave transgressions of artistic principle, strikes only the man who thinks. Why should he not protest against the sources of such harm with as much vigour as he can possibly call up? In spite of all the protests that are likely to be made for a long time to come, there is little chance enough of making any perceptible diminution in the quantity of rubbish annually foisted on the world through the booksellers' shops. Meanwhile, one may be pardoned for declining to abandon fault-finding in favour of star-gazing. Praise has its function, but it is not doing the world any good to exalt praise, as such, above blame. So long as there are follies and weaknesses in books, anybody who takes the trouble to hunt them out and expose them is doing a service to the public, and no disservice to an author who has any real desire to treat the world and himself fairly. The only possible reason why a writer can object to honest criticism, however pungent, is that he prefers the gratification of his own vanity, or the earning of money

by unfair means, to all considerations of truth and good workmanship.

And so with regard to conduct. There are plenty of people so imbued with the fallacious cant of which we have been speaking that they constantly decline to pass any judgment on the transactions going on around them. They mistake this either for a proof of humility, or else for a sign of a pure belief in human goodness and truth, which shrinks from thinking any evil. As a matter of fact, this is neither humility nor charity, nor anything else but a downright shirking of duty. To pass judgment upon occasion is a function for the right discharge of which anybody pretending to be a rational being is as responsible as he is for any other function. Of course, to an indolent easygoing man, it is much pleasanter to suppose that moral censure is not his business. To be able to decline a duty which bores us, on the ground that it is a breach of charity or of some other law, is a comfortable device enough. People, however, who are not above taking a little trouble about their duties must accept censure along with their other duties. The fools and the rogues have too much of their own way in the world as it is. But what would become of us if nobody had courage or inclination to let them know that they are fools and knaves?

THE TIMES ON THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

IT shows, almost pathetically, how hardly pressed for matter our chief instructors must be at the season of the year, when, even with Lord Palmerston's death and funeral to talk about, the *Times* finds room, not only for whole pages of reviews of Miss Berry's Journal (for which the remarkable interest of the book is, to be sure, an ample apology), but for long disquisitions on the internal affairs of the Russian Church. This last is indeed a safe subject; it is just the sort of thing about which a vast display of learning may be made with very little real knowledge, and on which blunders may be ventured on with less chance of detection than usual. English history fifty years back might seem in one sense easier, and in another sense more dangerous. Anyhow, either we or the *Times* must have got strangely wrong in our chronology, when Miss Berry's reviewer tells us of the "King of England's" "mistresses" in 1811. Did George the Fourth, then, really succeed to the crown nine years earlier than is commonly believed, or were we altogether mistaken in our conception of poor, old, obstinate, respectable, and, as we had always thought, at that time, mad, George the Third? We are puzzled, but on a matter so near our own times the great journal must surely be right. When, in the track of the Funeral, we get into Westminster Abbey, we are surer of our ground. We had always thought, in our ignorance, that that building was the Collegiate Church of St. Peter; but we now find that it is "the National Walhalla," "the Pantheon," "the Campo Santo," and "the Temple of Fame." Perhaps we do not understand metaphors; we cannot catch the analogy between King Edward's Minster and Woden's Hall of Slaughter, or where we are to look for the likeness of either to the temple which Mr. Vipsanius Agrippa did not dedicate to all the Gods. We remember that, some time back, Lord Ebury pressed for the admission of an image of Oliver Cromwell as an act of "hospitality" to "the Great Nonconformist;" perhaps the *Times* and Lord Ebury may contemplate a banquet in the Abbey of the same kind as that at which Woden entertained his departed heroes. The Campo Santo at Pisa, we may suggest in passing, is not a church but a cloister; and as for the "Temple of Fame," we have all heard of a statue at Rome which, at different times of its life, has done duty for Jupiter and for St. Peter, but Fame having always been feminine, we do not see how she could ever be mistaken for the Prince of the Apostles. But, leaving things nearer home, let us see what we can make of our great teacher's adventurous journey within the spiritual jurisdiction of the Most Holy Governing Synod. We have first a long letter from a Berlin Correspondent, and then a leading article founded upon it; and we are bound to say that the leading article is several degrees less silly than the letter of the Berlin Correspondent. It seems that certain Bishops of the sect of the "Old Believers," the party which separated from the national Church of Russia through dislike of the reforms of Nikon, have returned to the Orthodox communion, and the Emperor has admitted them to an audience and received them with a congratulatory speech. There really seems nothing in this to turn the world upside down, or to excite any special sensation either in Berlin or in London. The Berlin Correspondent must have found time hanging rather heavy on his hands before he undertook to enlighten the English public as to the Russian sect of the Old Believers. And a very odd account it is that he gives of them. "The Dissenting Church of Russia was formed exactly two hundred years ago, by the more wealthy, pious, and independent among the Greek Catholics of the country." Who on earth are "the Greek Catholics"? If the words have any meaning at all, they would mean the Uniats, the United Greeks, that mongrel body in the eastern parts of ancient Poland which, while retaining the ritual and usages of the Orthodox Church, admits the supremacy of the See of Rome. But the Berlin Correspondent clearly does not mean this, and we cannot fancy that he ever heard of the Uniats at all. The Old Believers, as he himself goes on to show, seceded, not from the Uniats, but from the national Church of Russia; so we suppose that it is the national Church of Russia which is meant by this odd

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phrase of "Greek Catholics." The Berlin Correspondent has probably heard of Roman Catholics in the West, and so thought it was proper to balance them by Greek Catholics in the East. Now the phrase "Roman Catholic," though a convenient, and, in England, a legal description, is, if one comes to think of it, one of the most absurd descriptions possible. It is an evident compromise. You do not wish to insult people by calling them "Papists"; you do not wish to surrender your own Catholicity by calling them distinctively "Catholics." But in the East no such necessity is laid upon us, and the phrase of "Greek Catholics," besides its inherent absurdity, would mean, if it meant anything, quite a different class of people from those who are intended.

But there are stranger things to come. Let us hear how and when the Old Believers and the "Greek Catholics" split asunder:—

It was the time of the terrible Czar Alexei Michalovitch, who, scorning the position of a mere secular Sovereign, had a council of bishops convened for the purpose of proclaiming him Russian Pope, and Vice-Regent of God upon earth. The Council, deliberating in the fear of the knout, as it did, after long and stormy debates complied with his request, thus divesting itself of the ecclesiastical supremacy which had been so long vested in it.

Our breath is taken away by the first sentence—"The terrible Czar Alexei Michalovitch." The word "terrible" is one with which we are familiar on Russian ground. No one can write about Russia without saying something about Ivan the Terrible; a tribute to his memory is one of the regular commonplaces of talk on the subject. And nothing can be more proper; Ivan the Terrible thoroughly deserved his name, and he had a good deal to do with the making of Russia. But, familiar as we are with Ivan the Terrible, we never before heard of Alexis the Terrible. Does the Berlin Correspondent confound the two princes, or does he simply think that every Czar is "Terrible" *ex officio*? We had always lived in the belief that Alexis was the gentlest of men—the friend of Nikon as long as his boyards would let him be so, and, when he was compulsorily estranged from him, the mildest of enemies. We had hardly recovered from the shock of so unusual an epithet, when we found actions attributed to him which read like a jumble of Henry the Eighth and Alexis' son, Peter. This Council, which, under fear of the knout, conferred on Alexis the title of "Russian Pope," was utterly new to us. It struck us with that peculiar feeling which a specially astounding assertion will always produce on a diffident mind. What modest man has not gone through some such process of argument as this:—"What that man says is so utterly new to me, so completely contradictory to all that I ever thought or learned before, that he must have some reason for saying it. Perhaps he is right, and I am wrong. I will at least try to find out." So we did try to find out. The study of Russian ecclesiastical history is at best a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, but, in such stores as are accessible to us, we can find no account of any Council, in the year 1665, which conferred on Alexis the title of "Russian Pope." But let us go on:—

Some of the more independent bishops and elders, however, would not hear of changing their religious allegiance. They were unable to see, they said, how the privilege of divine inspiration, which till then had belonged to the priests exclusively, could be extended to a prince who was neither a parson nor a monk; they must couch a protest against such imperial proceedings; and they would be obliged to separate altogether from their erring brethren in the faith if the vote of the Council were acted upon, and any order bearing upon matters ecclesiastical issued by the Czar. The Czar, however, did not care a straw for the opposition of these religious men, but on the contrary resolved to act the Pope. Of course it did not enter into his head to reform the doctrine, although he lived in an age of reform, and the news of what had occurred in England and Germany must have penetrated to the far East. But as a true Russian he was too much of a devotee to think of altering the Creed or touching the Catechism. He had claimed the privilege of divine inspiration only as a means of extending his rule over the clergy, the only class that had been exempted from it; and there he meant to stop.

"Elders," we may remark at starting, has rather a Scotch than a Russian sound, but perhaps it is meant as Teutonic for "presbyter," and, if so, we will not complain. Not to quarrel more than we can help, let us pay a passing tribute of honour to the Berlin Correspondent's phrase, "Who was neither a parson nor a monk." It shows at least that he is above the vulgar delusion that every monk is necessarily a parson; we might perhaps add, that every non-Protestant parson is necessarily a monk. But we do want to know something about this new theory of "divine inspiration." We are utterly at sea. Neither our Burgen nor our Colenso gives us the least help. A plain man who sticks to his prayer-book might fancy that divine inspiration was something not confined either to priests or to princes, but something within the reach of every baptized man, since every baptized man is taught by his prayer-book to pray for it. Subtler divines tell us that it is something to which even priests and princes cannot aspire in these latter times, but which is confined to Prophets, Apostles, and Evangelists. Neither of these views seems to throw any light on that which the Berlin Correspondent, if he does not hold it himself, at least fancies that other people hold. "Divine inspiration" seems to be something appertaining to the rulers of the Church, whoever they may be. May we come nearer home, and ask in whom, according to this theory, the "privilege of divine inspiration" is vested among ourselves? Is it confined to the Bishops, or does it extend to the Prime Minister, as Bishop-maker? Does it come down to Deans and Chapters, and, if so, has an Honorary Canon any share in it? Does it lodge in the Court of Arches, or only in the Judicial Committee, who may upset its decisions? We do not ask whether it resides in Her Majesty personally, be-

cause that view would seem to be specially excluded by one of the Articles of Religion.

Let us search again into our contemporary's chronology. Alexis, in 1665, lived in "an age of reform." "The news of what had occurred in England and Germany must have penetrated to the far East." We cannot call to mind any particular reform which happened in Germany about that time, and in England we can think of no reformation except that of George Fox. Perhaps Mary Fisher had tried her hand on the Czar as well as upon the Sultan, and the terrible Alexis may have only meant to assert that the "Inner Light" was not confined to "parsons and monks," but extended to himself and to all other Christian men. Our only other alternatives are, either that it took a hundred years and more for news to spread from Germany to Russia, or (what is too painful to think of) that the Berlin Correspondent believes that the Reformation happened in the seventeenth century. But what did Alexis do after all?—

Accordingly, when the "Protestants" he had created by his arbitrary conduct dared him to interfere with the concerns of Holy Mother Church, his contempt of the challenge was exhibited in a very small way. He began by monopolizing the epithet "orthodox" for his new Establishment, then fixed upon some passages in the Bible and Liturgy which, he said, required correction; but, after undergoing the emendatory process, remained very much what they were before; and last, not least, introduced sundry alterations in the ceremonial of the Church—alterations so trifling and insignificant that they can have been prompted only by the wish to show himself the master, were it even at the risk of making himself ridiculous. Other distinctions without a difference arose afterwards.

We have now got the key to the whole thing. The terrible Czar, the Council deliberating under the fear of the knout, the claim to divine inspiration, all reduce themselves into the reforms, innovations, restorations of ancient usages—whichever we please to call them—introduced by the Patriarch Nikon. Of that Patriarch, or of the Patriarchate at all, the self-appointed historian of the Russian Church seems never to have heard. His personality is utterly merged in that of the terrible Czar. Yet in the real council Czar and Patriarch both appeared, the Patriarch being the more prominent of the two. We know of no "knout," no claim of "divine inspiration," no "new Establishment," no view that any "passage in the Bible required correction." Nikon simply declared that the existing service-books had got gradually altered from the primitive form which the Council unanimously agreed to restore. From the carrying out, perhaps too stiffly, of this decree the schism arose. What the Berlin Correspondent means by Alexis' "new Establishment," and by his monopolizing the epithet "Orthodox" for it, is wholly beyond us.

The writer of the leading article has made considerable advances upon his Berlin Correspondent. He has heard of the Russian Patriarchate; he has even heard of Nikon. He is too cautious to commit himself to exact dates or to names of Czars, except to the safe one of Peter the Great. There is something amusing in the way in which this additional knowledge is worked into an account which otherwise repeats the Berlin Correspondent nearly word for word:—

Towards the close of the sixteenth century the position of the Muscovite Church, hitherto dependent in many respects on the Patriarch of Constantinople, was materially affected by the institution of a Russian Patriarchate. This change, which was effected with the full consent of the then Patriarch of Constantinople, had no effect at all comparable to that carried out by Henry VIII. in this country, but it was completed about a century later by another of far greater significance. In England the assertion of our ecclesiastical independence against the pretensions of Rome, and the establishment of the Royal supremacy, were almost simultaneous events. In Russia no such claims were made by the Czars until a more convenient season, when they were advanced in a more arbitrary form. A Council of Bishops was induced to declare the Emperor not only supreme head of the Church, but *Viceregent of God upon earth, and Pope in all but the name*. It is true that this power was not exercised in any sweeping alteration of doctrines, for the influence of the Reformation, though not altogether unfelt in Russia, was felt there too feebly and too late to undermine the *Creed* or the *Catechism*. Still, the mere assumption of such prerogatives by a temporal potentate, however despotic, followed as it was by the abolition of the Patriarchate, roused that spirit of ecclesiastical liberty which often exists where political freedom is unknown. A considerable number of Bishops and Elders, braving the resentment of the Czar, and declining thus to transfer their spiritual allegiance, became the founders of the sect of "Old Believers." So far the schism is intelligible enough, but the dogmatic and ceremonial distinctions by which it was embittered and is now kept up are even more puerile than the famous squabble between the Western and Eastern Churches about the time of celebrating the festival of Easter. This source of discord was first introduced by the innovations of the Patriarch Nikon, and aggravated by those of Peter the Great. The former was accused of importing strange customs from the South, the latter of borrowing the customs of the West.

Let us ask a few questions:—

Why should the establishment of an independent Russian Patriarchate be expected to have an effect comparable to the changes carried out by Henry the Eighth in this country? What is the analogy between the two things?

When was the more convenient season when the Council of Bishops declared the Emperor "Pope in all but the name"? Which is the correct title—the "Russian Pope" of the Berlin Correspondent, or the "Pope in all but the name" of the leading article?

Does the *Times* suppose that the abolition of the Patriarchate had anything to do with the changes in the Service-books, or that it preceded the schism of the "Starovers"?

When does the *Times* think that Nikon lived? Does it fancy that his innovations and the causes which led to the schism were two different things?

Did not the *Times* find out that there was such a man as Nikon after the former part of the article was written?

THE TYRANNY OF MAJORITIES.

IT has become common to remark that the tyranny of a multitude is as bad as the tyranny of a single man. Most truths have two sides which are turned to the light alternately, and this is the reverse of the more old-fashioned dogmas about the various evils of government by a single ruler. These have naturally gone out of use. The fact is that the day has passed, at least in European countries, for despots of the ancient type. The kind of gentleman who could say of one of his subjects, whenever the thought struck him, "Off with his head," has retired into the historical drama. It is, therefore, no longer necessary to keep in stock a large number of proverbial expressions to throw at the heads of tyrants. Louis Napoleon is a tolerably despotical ruler as times go, but there are very definite limits to his power. He cannot send out soldiers to shoot down passengers in the streets, any more than the same feat could be performed in Pall Mall; he cannot now deport political opponents at random to Cayenne, without producing a sensation similar in kind to that which would be produced by transporting some of Her Majesty's Opposition to Botany Bay. Such exercises of prerogative, if they are ever to be indulged in, must be kept for very special occasions; they may be passed over as necessary accompaniments of the introduction of a new dynasty, but they cannot be considered as normal expedients of government. Like a grand display of fireworks, they must be reserved for coronations and startling political occasions. Acts of this kind would undoubtedly be equally disagreeable to their victims whether they were authorized by an individual or by a multitude. It is just the same to a man about to be hanged, whether the penalty is inflicted for disloyalty to a king or to a mob. And to assert, in this sense, that the tyranny of the multitude is as bad as any other kind of tyranny is to assert a painfully obvious truth. It is of course, in the long run, as disagreeable to be trampled to death by a herd of buffaloes as to be eaten by a tiger. To give any point to the aphorism, we must suppose its meaning to extend a little further; it must be taken to assert, not only that punishment is as painful coming from a mob as from a king, but that a mob is as prone to inflict the same or equally severe punishments. The truth of the assertion in this sense becomes more doubtful, as well as more worthy of examination. We have certainly got free from many ancient modes of tyranny; we may say pretty much what we like without fear of the axe or the stake; we shall never see a Prime Minister lose his head, or a bishop burnt in Smithfield. So far the change is probably beneficial. We lose, indeed, a certain element of interest in life. Politics and theology would be more exciting if the game were played with such heavy stakes; and a great many excellent men doubtless derived much pleasure from seeing their opponents burnt, even at the risk of being afterwards burnt themselves; but we may admit, without reckoning up the compensating advantages of a milder order of things, that, on the whole, those advantages preponderate. Can it, then, be asserted, with any degree of probability, that tyranny of the modern kind has invented methods more depressing, if less acute; that it exercises a pressure which is less conspicuous, but at the same time more all-pervading, and, instead of striking isolated individuals, cramps the energies of whole nations? Some such insinuation is generally conveyed by these denunciations of the tyranny of majorities, and, if it be well-founded, we have only escaped from a conspicuous to a concealed evil; we are like a man who is being pricked to death by hundreds of needles, instead of receiving one slash from a sword.

It would be admitted by every one that the most popular government will employ the same tools as a despot, when once force begins to be used. Arbitrary imprisonments and confiscations are means of warfare which, like rifles and bayonets, are applied indifferently by all belligerents. A majority will put down a minority with very few scruples on the score of justice. But it used to be assumed that, in a normal state of peace, a permanent tyranny of majorities would be impossible, or would of necessity only affect a minority. Some modern discoveries are often alleged to show that this is not certain. A mutual understanding may produce the apparent paradox of putting every one in a minority. It is conceivable that the members of a Trade Union may be kept together because each man is in fear of all his neighbours. Such agitations as that for the Permissive Bill show a spirit capable of generating a vexatious tyranny by democratic agency. Every man would subject himself to inspection, in order that his neighbour might be reduced to the common standard. Most men are far more shocked by other people's deviation from the regular pattern than by the compulsion to conform to it themselves. It seems as though we had come so close to each other that our mutual pressure produced as great an effect as the older form of pressure from above. It is the same spirit which, under a different form, exhibits itself in the over-government of many Continental countries. The system of regulating everything by one rule, of having Government officials around your bed, and about your path, and spying out all your ways, seems to us intolerable. It is, in fact, borne because it is, on the whole, agreeable to the majority; if it were a mere incubus upon their energies, imposed by an external force, no weight could be sufficient to press down the safety-valve. But most people are willing to see things done for them, and have no very great objection to a tyranny that does not manifest itself by producing inequality. Thus the Government system of oppression is equivalent to gathering into one form all the little acts of oppression which each man would like to direct against his neigh-

bour. And perhaps the net result may be much the same under either plan. It is possible, by collecting together all such modes of our mutual subjection to each other, to produce the impression that tyranny has, on the whole, been transformed rather than destroyed, and that we are all in bondage to our neighbours without knowing it. In denouncing democracies, this is not an uncommon oratorical expedient. The justice of the comparison may, however, be doubted. For, admitting that the obligation upon every one to reduce himself to his neighbour's standard is essentially tyrannical, and admitting even that it is enforced more frequently than formerly, it nevertheless applies to a far smaller number of subjects. There are, after all, whole provinces of action in which a man may now follow the dictates of his own freewill, and in which he was formerly exposed to persecution. It is not a small thing that every one may say what he likes on theological questions, and that Government is being fairly driven out from every kind of interference with commerce. The complete emancipation of so many large departments of life could only be counterbalanced by a very marked increase of the tyrannical spirit in others. But it is questionable whether such an increase can be pointed out at all. It has, indeed, become better known. The progress of administrative centralization on the Continent has made certain modes of interference more conspicuous; the sources of annoyance are concentrated in one conspicuous centre, instead of being distributed over the country. In England, by a somewhat similar process, the petty tyranny which seems congenial to the feelings of certain classes has become more notorious, because the facilities which those classes enjoy for making known their prejudices have increased more rapidly than their education. Probably Trades' Unions are not more unreasonable than of old, but they have a much better chance of making themselves heard. Their members can often make speeches to Social Science philosophers, and can be constantly affording paragraphs for the newspapers. They have come to the surface of affairs. It is a natural illusion that the spirit of tyranny must be more powerful because it is thus more noisy; but, in fact, it is all the more likely to be restrained as it comes into contact with public opinion over a wider area. A despotical Government can now rarely afford to do a purely arbitrary act, because it cannot afford to be permanently unpopular; and the tyranny of classes, like that of kings, is very apt to be tempered by sarcasms.

It would thus seem that the tyranny of majorities, of which we hear so much, can scarcely be asserted to be increasing. It may be greater amongst particular nations or classes, but scarcely greater on an average. We have gained some palpable advantages, against which rather doubtful inconveniences remain to be set off. As far as definite overt acts are concerned, it can scarcely be doubted that we have more liberty than formerly. The ancient implements of tyranny are becoming rusty from disuse. Thumbscrews and handcuffs, and such machinery, have gone out of fashion; and even custom-houses are less vexatious than formerly. It is by more occult means, if by any, that the tyranny makes itself felt. Our actions are not restrained by any legal sanction, but they are hampered by dread of public opinion. The evil is not embodied in any distinct form, but pervades the atmosphere. There is no danger of a man's being crippled by a violent assault, or of his being kept in visible chains; but his growth is stunted because he is brought up under unfavourable influences. This is the form of the evil which De Toqueville pointed out in the case of America, and upon which Mr. Mill has been so eloquent; and it evidently raises questions of much difficulty. There is no available test for measuring offhand the growth or diminution of the evil. It may be remarked, however, that an exaggerated importance seems to have been attached to one particular case. The United States are a democracy; and in the United States every one, it is said, thinks like his neighbour, and dresses and talks like his neighbour. Every one has about an equal amount of information, and has gone through a very similar process of education. Consequently, any individual feels it very difficult to strike out a new path for himself. He feels that he is an insignificant unit in the mass; he is merely one out of several millions, of whom each is as good as any other; and it is inevitable that public opinion should exercise an enormous power over his imagination. It is to him what the authority of tradition is to a Roman Catholic; he is as much overawed by the thought of the millions of living Yankees as others by the thought of thousands of dead saints. There is thus a certain spiritual pressure, which imperceptibly moulds every man into the likeness of his neighbour. Without inquiring how far this description can be said to be precisely true, it evidently applies to a very exceptional case. The material circumstances of the American continent have determined a peculiar kind of social growth. The lateral expansion of society has been out of all proportion to the vertical; and the class which has so rapidly expanded has been that just below the middle class—that which of all others is perhaps most disposed to exercise the tyranny of majorities. A wilderness of ten-pound householders, without any mixture of higher or lower classes, will of necessity form a rather second-rate standard of excellence, and be eager to enforce it; it will be capable of forming a powerful public opinion, but not capable of forming a very enlightened one. In this case, then, we might expect to find the covert variety of tyranny even more energetic than it actually is. But there seems to be no reason for assuming that this would be the normal condition of even the most democratic country. In the United States themselves there are beginning to be differences of wealth and of education as strongly

marked as elsewhere. In a nation where the population was not so incessantly fluctuating as it is in America, where there was a nearer approach to equilibrium, the natural consequences would begin to make themselves felt. Wealth and talent would begin to acquire an influence which they can hardly rest safely upon the unstable foundation of American politics; the opinion of mere numbers would cease to produce such an overwhelming effect upon the imagination; there would be some genuine conflict of opinions. If that be so, the growth even of democracy may be compatible, under due conditions, with a freedom from indirect, as well as from avowed, tyranny; and the great variety of studies and of employments which the increase of civilization produces may counteract the tendency to an unhealthy monotony in the aspect of society.

DR. CUMMING ON LORD PALMERSTON.

ONE of the gravest penalties of death is that your epitaph must be written; and, if you are a distinguished man, that your funeral sermon must be preached. The worm and the creeping thing which consumes the body is not so much a matter of anticipatory dread as the dreadful suspicion that we may be defiled by the slimy trail of a pulpit eulogy. What amount or what form of consciousness as to the world and its sayings and doings may be reserved for the departed, is a matter on which we are left in perhaps merciful ignorance; but his friends—or, if any such there be, even his enemies—must wish to believe that the late Lord Palmerston is spared the knowledge that he has been preached over by Dr. Cumming. Doubtless many pulpits rang on Sunday last with commonplaces, more or less ingenious, on “the event of the week,” and the sentimental leaders of the *Times*, done up with a little cold Scripture, edified (or not) many congregations. One gentleman at any rate got out a very sensational text for the occasion, and on the reconduite passage, “Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen!” propounded an ingenious riddle to his flock on the resemblance of Her Majesty’s Ministers or Her Majesty’s Opposition, the Cabinets of Europe or the Temple family, to the genus *Pinus*. Dr. Cumming condescended to no such refinements of figure or apologue. He went to the root of the matter, and was at any rate intelligible. Being a Scotchman, his discourse was canny and characteristic. A word for Lord Palmerston, and six for himself; something on the beatification of the great and good man “whose sun has gone down,” and a good deal for the honour and glory of “the Church in Crown Court, Covent Garden,” and its pastor, Dr. Cumming. As was only right when a nobleman was preached about, it is gratifying to find that the peerage was well represented at the sermon. “Among the congregation were seated Lord Alfred Paget and Lord Keane”; and if their Lordships were not converted on the spot by the bright picture of aristocratic holiness which the polite preacher of the gospel of gentility presented, it was from no defect in the reverend gentleman’s personal appreciation of the peculiar adaptation of Christianity to the best society. Dr. Cumming, as he informed his people, assisted at the late Premier’s funeral. But he did not get his ticket in the vulgar way of asking Banting for it. “Through the courtesy of the Dean I obtained a seat at Westminster Abbey,” from which “my people in Crown Court” may reasonably infer that Dr. Cumming is on intimate terms with Dr. Stanley. Old John Knox did not much admire cathedrals, abbeyes, bishops, and deans; but men change manners, and when deans are courteous to Dr. Cumming, Westminster Abbey is quite another thing. Dr. Cumming knew “the great and good man whose burial he had witnessed.” Knew him, that is, after a fashion; he “had been in his company more than once,” and he “had the honour of meeting him once in private.” Lord Palmerston had once “sat under Dr. Cumming,” and had pronounced the sermon he heard “to be very useful and instructive.” But all these personal reminiscences of the great and good man are eclipsed by the happy occasion on which Dr. Cumming met Lord Palmerston, neither in public nor in private, but at a charity dinner, “at the festival of one of their Scottish charities.” “The Duke of Argyle, Dr. Sinclair”—who by the way is only Mr., but probably took brevet academic rank when in Dr. Cumming’s society—“and he (Dr. Cumming) were appointed to meet Lord Palmerston in the Committee-room. He (Dr. Cumming) did not wish to obtrude himself and stood a little apart, but Lord Palmerston came up, shook him by the hand, and said, ‘Dr. Cumming, have you forgotten me? Don’t you know that I sit under you at your church?’ Then, with all his usual *bonhomie* and cheerful flow of spirits, he entered freely into conversation, and gave full expression to his sentiments. Well, that great man had fallen asleep.”

Dr. Cumming is of course a great rhetorician, but we should hardly say that he has acquired the art of concealing his art. This is rather clumsy. The little trait in which he mentions the only one occasion into which he was betrayed into modesty looks rather like poverty of invention; the fiction itself of Dr. Cumming not wishing to obtrude is a great deal too strong. Any stupid curate in the Steeple-house Establishment could have hit upon the very commonplace dodge of announcing his own acceptableness by repeating the churchwarden’s praises of his last Sunday’s homily; and a man must be very hard up indeed for recollections of the *beau monde* when he mentions that he met a Duke, an Archdeacon, and a Viscount at the Freemasons’ Tavern. It was, we believe, a Scotchman who reminded a Lord of Session that they had met before—which was true, the interview being connected with a little matter of sheep-stealing.

But this is not all. Dr. Cumming’s personal knowledge of the late Premier is supplemented by documentary evidence of the highest value. “A gallant officer”—nothing less than somebody with a handle to his name is known to Dr. Cumming—“showed him a letter written by one who was in the presence of the great man during the whole time he was ill; nothing could be more delightful than the testimony of this letter” as to Lord Palmerston’s death-bed experiences. Having some respect for Lord Palmerston, and much for religion, we shall not quote Dr. Cumming’s analysis of its contents. Suffice it to say, that on this token Dr. Cumming founds the assurance that “his last sleep introduced him into everlasting bliss. Absent from the body, he was present with the Lord. His sun gone down here, at once he beheld the sunrise of a glorious and blessed eternity.” At any rate, Dr. Cumming has vindicated his title to immunity from the ordinary clerical reproach of being a dumb dog. He can bark, and perhaps bite; and certainly he can fawn. Very likely this is all right. We certainly should be the very last to say anything disparaging about Lord Palmerston’s life and personal character; but, somehow or other, if his life was that of an ideal and pattern Christian—and it must have been this for an expert like Dr. Cumming to pronounce the absolute certainty of his salvation, and his instant admittance “at once” into the glories of acceptance—it would appear that there are different ways of reading the New Testament. A cheerful flow of spirits, civility to Dr. Cumming, “the magic power of conciliating men of all parties,” and great popularity—these are the arts by which, according to a modern religious teacher, heaven is to be obtained. There are certain sayings about a strait and narrow way, and the woe of those of whom all men speak well, which scarcely seem to be consistent with Dr. Cumming’s exposition of the Christian character. It is not for such as us to say; but, from all that we are told, we are led to believe that to praise Dr. Cumming’s sermons, to shake hands with him at a tavern dinner, and to be seen once in a pew at Crown Court, is the new way to heaven. And on this road we shall meet with the politest of guides; we shall be in the company of Lord Alfred Paget and Lord Keane. Dr. Cumming, fresh from the companionship of a Duke at a guinea dinner, and glossy with the courtesy of a Dean, will introduce us, with the graces and affability of a dancing-master, to a polite circle in heaven reserved for genteel society and the frequenters of Crown Court. As it is, Dr. Cumming has got the *entrée* of the Court circle; and in his private view of the Last Day, and in the select Vision of Judgment only vouchsafed to himself, he knows what was scarcely revealed to St. Paul—namely, the certainty of the acceptance of at least one person, who with his usual prudence had an eye to the main chance, and was civil to Dr. Cumming.

After all, there was perhaps in Dr. Cumming’s mind, while delivering his savoury testimony to the final acceptance of the late Premier, a vague suspicion that he might be charged with very indecent flunkeyism, and with perverting a function which he pretends to think a religious one into a bungling opportunity of ministering to his own frothy vanity, and fussy, vulgar self-importance; so he perorates after the old manner. He gets to the Apocalyptic frogs at last. To connect Lord Palmerston with the prophetic batrachians would seem to be neither easy nor complimentary either to the setting sun or to his successor. Brekkekekex, brekkekekex, coax, coax, does not go well for a funeral anthem. But to an expositor of prophecy and politeness it is easy to connect dissimilar things, and Lord Palmerston suggests vials and frogs and Armageddon quite naturally. At any rate, if there was not much of the frog in the late Premier, there is a good deal in his eulogist which hints at a natural affinity between frogs and their great expositor. Frogs are cold, creeping, slimy creatures; they reiterate a single melancholy croak, which sounds very like a Coming Woe; and the frog is the only animal on record which is known to have burst with vanity and windy emptiness. And so it is that Dr. Cumming takes so naturally to frogs. After Palmerston the deluge, we have all said; that is, according to our Cumming, after Palmerston the sixth vial. “Did it not look very like the fulfilment of Revelation, chap. xvi., when three unclean spirits like frogs came out?” By which, we suppose, are typified Lord Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Granville, the great and good man’s possible successors. For ourselves, not being committed to a view about the sixth vial, we should say that “the present state of Europe” does not “look very like” the three frogs. Swift was acquainted with one crowned frog—Nie. Frog; but about the three extant frogs of Europe we do not see our way as clearly as Dr. Cumming does. He seems to connect the frogs, not only with the successors of Lord Palmerston, but with rifled cannon. “How could it be explained,” he asks, “that science and skill and talent were all concentrating their resources in order to construct engines of the most terrific description? Did it not look very like Rev. xvi., ‘And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the dragon,’ &c. &c. Armstrong, Whitworth, Blakesley, ‘three frogs’—yes, that will do—‘come out of the dragon,’ that is, out of the Newcastle factory; and ‘go forth unto the kings of the earth’; that is to say, offer their monster guns to the various sovereigns of Europe. To be sure all this is not very clear except to the initiated, and it must occasionally puzzle them; but, on the whole, we prefer Dr. Cumming discoursing on the frogs to Dr. Cumming discoursing on Lord Palmerston’s death-bed. It is less shocking to find a preacher trying to make the Apocalypse ridiculous than succeeding in making religion itself blasphemous and contemptible.

HONORARY CANONS.

A BISHOP of a great English see was lately present at a public meeting held in the Chapter House of an Old-Foundation Cathedral. He naturally used the beautiful building in which he stood as a source of inspiration for the speech which of course was expected from him. The whole aspect of the place, the central pillar, the vault, the windows, the stalls compassing the whole circuit, naturally stirred his soul. "I don't know what the founders of this Chapter House meant it for; surely not only for the Dean and Canons." Here is a piece of good natural criticism; there is ignorance—ignorance honestly avowed—but there is also the sort of mind which is ready to receive knowledge. From a Bishop of Lord Palmerston's earlier appointment we do not look for knowledge; we should give such a one a prize if he knew the east end of his cathedral from the west. But it is something to find such ingenuous and unprejudiced ignorance; to find a mind which so thoroughly realizes the familiar metaphors of blank paper and virgin soil. The Bishop spoke purely by the light of nature; but the light of nature instinctively led him to the soundest of conclusions. His common sense told him that a building built with distinct seats for fifty persons could not be meant for five only. As he had never heard of a Dean and Chapter consisting of more than five or six persons, he naturally concluded that the building must be meant for somebody besides the Dean and Chapter. Let our Bishop only go on with his ecclesiastical studies in the same spirit in which he has begun them, and we shall look forward to hail in him the most zealous and most discreet of Cathedral reformers.

An idea which is virtually the same seems to be striking other people in other places. The efficiency and reform of the Cathedrals formed a subject of debate at the recent Norwich Church Congress. One point incidentally raised in that debate may deserve a little further notice. One speaker is said to have complained of the position of Honorary Canons in most Cathedrals, and to have pointed to Exeter as a bright exception, a rare instance of a church where the Honorary Canons are made something of. We assume, for the sake of the speaker, who, as we gather from the report, is himself a Canon of some sort, that we have here some confusion of the reporters. For, in the church of Exeter, as an Old-Foundation Cathedral, no one bears the title of Honorary Canon. Still the complaint has something in it which is quite worth considering. The position both of Honorary Canons and of a class who are popularly confounded with Honorary Canons is very anomalous and unsatisfactory, and if it were put on a better footing, it would quite remove the Bishop's difficulty as to the object and usefulness of Chapter-Houses.

Honorary Canons are a creation of the famous Act of the late reign by which the English Cathedrals were remodelled. The object was to create a class of clergy in the New Cathedrals who should be in some way analogous to the non-residential Canons or Prebendaries of the Old Foundations. It was thought desirable, as the Act expressed it, that all Bishops should have the power of conferring titles of honour on deserving clergymen. This power was possessed by all the Bishops of the Old-Foundation churches, all of whom had the nomination of Prebendaries, some of them the nomination of Residentiaries also. It was possessed by those Bishops of New-Foundation churches who had the nomination of their Prebendaries, as at Durham and Peterborough. They could give a deserving clergyman a title of honour and something more. But in several New-Foundation churches the Bishop had not the nomination to a single stall in his Cathedral. These Bishops therefore had no power of conferring titles of honour on deserving clergymen. For their advantage the new rank of Honorary Canon was invented. All Bishops of New-Foundation churches were allowed to confer the title of Honorary Canon on clergymen deserving or undeserving. The title was to carry with it a certain rank in the Cathedral, with the right to a stall and so forth, but it was to confer no authority, no duties, and no revenues. In those New-Foundation churches where the endowed stalls are not in the gift of the Bishop, this "title of honour," this rank of Honorary Canon, is all that the Bishop can give to any clergyman under the rank of Archdeacon. Where the Bishop appoints also to the endowed stalls, he has thrown on him the somewhat invidious task of creating two sorts of Canons—one class who enjoy certain powers and revenues, balanced by certain duties, another who have neither power, revenues, nor duties, but who are left to subsist as they may upon "barren honour."

Now these Honorary Canons of the New-Foundation churches were meant, as we said, to fill a position analogous to that of the non-residential Canons or Prebendaries of the Old Foundations, those officers for whose reception such Chapter-Houses as puzzled the Bishop were originally built. But the position of the two classes is not identical, and they should never be confounded. A non-residential Canon of Exeter, Wells, or Lichfield is now undoubtedly an honorary Canon, inasmuch as he now receives no income. But Honorary Canon is not his legal description, and his position differs considerably from the position of those of whom Honorary Canon is the legal description. We once made some remarks* on the origin of the two classes of Canons, residential and non-residential, in the Old Cathedrals, when a good deal of nonsense had been talked by "S. G. O." and others about some appointments which had been made in the Chapter of Salisbury. We will now only repeat that, in the Old Cathedrals,

the non-residential Canons are historically integral members of the Chapter, the Residentiaries being only a smaller Committee of the whole body. They stand to the Residentiaries in a relation something like that of the Privy Council at large to the Cabinet. They have lost their revenues by the Act of Parliament, but the Act leaves them in possession of whatever powers, rights, and duties they retained before its passing. What those powers, rights, and duties are is a question of statute in each particular church. There is no doubt that they differ widely in different churches. A non-residential Canon of Wells is confined—by a Charter of Queen Elizabeth, to whose legality we in no way pledge ourselves—to the unpractical privilege of a vote in the election of a Bishop. A non-residential Canon of York has, if we are not greatly mistaken, an equal vote in the Chapter with a Residentiary. But in all cases the non-residential Canons have some rights and powers, however nominal, and, in most cases, they have some duties, however easy. This, together with their ancient historical position, at once distinguishes them from the Honorary Canons of the New Foundations, who have neither powers nor duties, but the bare right of wearing a surplice and sitting in a stall. A non-residential Canon of an Old Foundation must be tempted to look on an Honorary Canon of Peterborough or Worcester as a sort of base imitation of himself. If so, the Honorary Canons are amply repaid in popular estimation. By some mysterious dispensation, an Honorary Canon always gets called Canon So-and-so, while a Prebendary of an Old Foundation never gets called anything. It may be because Prebendary is a long word; you can hardly say Prebendary Tomkins in common discourse, while to call a non-residential Canon Tomkins would be thought to be infringing on the privileges of Residentiaries. Let us however add, as champions of the non-residential Canons, that we by no means wish to hear them called anything of the kind. We have a great deal too much respect for them to wish to give them so awkward a title. The fashion of calling men Canon This and That, at all, be their Canonries Residentiary, non-Residentiary, or Honorary, is something quite new, and it is, to our taste, something thoroughly vulgar and pretentious.

We argued, on the former occasion to which we have referred, that, to make the Old Cathedrals really efficient, it was necessary to improve the position of the non-residential Canons, and to break up the mischievous little oligarchies into which the smaller bodies of Residentiaries have shrunk up. The whole body should be again recognised as being the Chapter, the Residentiaries forming only a Committee for the ordinary management of the Cathedral from day to day. This is what we suppose our Bishop, however unwittingly, wished for. We added that, to make the New Cathedrals efficient, what was wanted was to assimilate them to the original model of the Old. This is what we suppose the speaker at Norwich wished for. The position of an Honorary Canon is, with all respect, a somewhat ludicrous one; he is a sort of involuntary impostor, always liable to be taken for something which he is not. He is called a Canon, but he is not really a Canon; he has no authority in the Cathedral, and he is forsaking no duty if he never shows his face there. In all other ecclesiastical offices, duties, powers, and dignities are at least supposed to go together; here is a man who has simply a "title of honour" and nothing else. There is nothing of this grotesque position about the old Prebendaries. A non-residential Canon is a Canon; he is admitted, with some degree of ceremony, to "the Canonry or Prebend" of so-and-so; if he afterwards becomes a Residentiary, no new ceremony is needed, any more than when a Fellow of a College becomes one of the Seniors, or when a Privy Councillor becomes a member of the Cabinet. He is really a Canon; if some of his brother Canons have votes in some matters in which he has no vote, that in no way affects his position as an integral member of the canonical body. If the non-residential Canon strives after nearer practical equality with the Residentiary, he is striving after an historical right which has been gradually lost. If the Honorary Canon strives after the same equality, he is striving after something which may be desirable in itself, but which has no legal or historical foundation. These two positions should never be confounded.

At the same time we fully sympathize with any attempt on the part of Honorary Canons to obtain, whether by a change in the law or otherwise, a better position in the Cathedrals to which they are attached. We should wish to see them members of the Chapter, with a position at least equal to that of the non-residents in the Old Foundations. Some such body is absolutely necessary, if the Cathedral is to be the common church of the diocese, and not "the private chapel of the Dean and Chapter." If the Cathedrals are to be of any use, both the classes of Canons which the Old Foundations supply are alike needed. There ought to be the general body, taking certain turns of preaching or other duty, retaining votes in all important transactions of the capitular body, but delegating the ordinary management of the church to a smaller body, constantly resident and holding no other preferment. Through the lack of any such larger body, the New Cathedrals are more completely cut off from any real connection with the diocese than the Old. The separation reaches its height in churches like Worcester and Gloucester, where the Canons are appointed by the Crown or the Chancellor. There the "deserving clergyman" of the diocese can never look for anything beyond the bare "title of honour." A Residentiary of Exeter or Salisbury, elected from among the Prebendaries, will almost always have some connection with the diocese. A Canon of Worcester or Bristol is appointed because he is a brother of a Cabinet Minister, or a man in the good graces of

* See Saturday Review, August 25, 1862.

the Lord Chancellor. He comes for three months in the year, and, unless he abuses the Chapter patronage to supply himself with a living, he has nothing more to do with Cathedral or Diocese. It will probably never be possible completely to reform churches like these according to the ideal model of the Old Foundations; but every step in that direction, every improvement of their position which the Honorary Canons can get for themselves, is so far a gain.

Anyhow, if the Cathedrals, old or new, are to be of the slightest use, the wretched system of three months' residence must be got rid of. In this respect the supposed reformation of the Cathedrals only made matters worse. A Canon who only comes to the Cathedral for three months in the year does not feel thoroughly at home there; he is a mere occasional visitor; the duties and interests which he really cares about lie elsewhere. And, more than this, by the diminution of the number of the Canons, another evil comes in. Four Canons, each keeping three months' residence, give only one Canon at a time. The sudden death, illness, or promotion of a single Canon often leaves the Cathedral without the presence of a single Canon for a whole term of residence. Perhaps some non-residentary or Honorary Canon is sent to take his place. That is to say, he takes his place as far as going to church is concerned. But he does not really take his place in the estimation of anybody. He is a mere deputy, a satellite shining with a borrowed light. Those among whom he is placed for the time do not frankly recognise him as an equal. His inferiors feel towards him as the criminal did who was sentenced to death by "a journeyman judge." They play pranks during his reign which they would not play during the reign of a chief with an undisputed title. All the evils, in short, of a regency follow. Strangely enough, the reforms of the nineteenth century have brought back again one of the grossest abuses of the twelfth.

In a word, though our cathedral establishments are often unpopular, it is only through their abuses that they are so. The fabrics and services are eminently popular. But they are so, not because, but in spite, of empty naves, of congregations crammed into choirs, of the scandal of absent pluralists monopolizing authority, revenues, and dignity, while men who really care for the place are excluded from any share in its government. It sounds a contradiction in terms, but, under the present system, we could point to non-residentary Canons who are regularly resident, and who have often to supply the places of Residentaries who do not reside. "Sic vos non vobis." It is a very old story indeed. The old description of St. Hugh's day is still true, truer than ever after awkward attempts at reform. Now, as then,

Canonicis tractante negotia mundi,
Jugis et assiduus divina Vicarius implet.

THE MUTES OF JOURNALISM.

IT is hard perhaps to decide whether it is the supply which has created the demand, or the demand which has called forth the supply; but of this at least there can be no doubt—that the amount of fine writing in the daily newspapers has increased to an extent which, to the sober readers of ten or fifteen years back, would have seemed absolutely impossible. No event of public or semi-public interest can now happen without the flood-gates of sonorous, albeit at times slightly unintelligible, eloquence being unlocked, and the most trifling incidents of a marriage or a prize-fight, a funeral or an execution, being absolutely submerged beneath a rushing cataract of descriptive verbiage. In the days when it was possible to talk of corrupting the national taste, it might have been proper to lament the degradation of literary style in the writers, and the inevitable vulgarization of character in the admiring readers, of productions of this class; but the time when taste could be protected by prohibitory laws is passed away, and we must for the future learn for ourselves how to choose the good and eschew the evil. If there is not as yet any great room for congratulation upon our success in the attempt, we can only look forward to the ultimate effect of a surfeit of fine writing upon newspaper subscribers being as marked as that of a surfeit of figs and molasses upon the typical grocer's apprentice. Lord Palmerston's funeral has naturally afforded a fruitful harvest to this new class of reporters. Even if he had been buried at Romsey, we do not doubt that these indefatigable gentlemen would have been fully equal to the occasion. Indeed, to judge by the abundant gleanings of interesting and important intelligence which the correspondent of one journal sent up from that neighbourhood even after the change of intention was known, as much might have been made, if occasion had served, of the burial "among his kith and kin in a quiet country churchyard"—more correctly described, we believe, as a cemetery containing an unopened family vault—the weeping tenantry, and the local town council, as of the procession to Westminster, and the more stately service in the Abbey. It is with what they did, however, not with what they might have done, that we are concerned here; and, to exhibit their achievements in the clearest possible light, we propose to compile a little chaplet of beauties from some of the descriptions which appeared in the daily papers last Saturday.

The minds of the gifted narrators were naturally much occupied, while waiting for the arrival of the corpse, by the contemplation of the monuments in the Abbey, and most of the accounts open with skillfully-planted allusions to Canning, Castlereagh, and Sheridan; while to one writer the fact of Lord Palmerston having

sat in Parliament fifty-eight years ago suggests the recollection, probably supplied him that morning by his barber, that "he must have worn powder," and the further speculation that he "may have worn a pigtail." In one solitary instance, however, the reporter's mind seems to have been running on literature rather than politics, and he demonstrates the fitness of burying Lord Palmerston in Westminster Abbey by pointing out that "the bust of Dryden confronts men who were less than Dryden, but there is no scorn on the pale serene face," while "from his dusky corner Ben Jonson looks down on many a humble monument, but there is no stormy laughter on the rough and manly countenance." It may perhaps be a comfort to some nervous admirers of Lord Palmerston to be thus assured that there is nothing "uncanny" about the place of his interment, and that the ordinarily impassive demeanour of marble busts has not exchanged at Westminster for the startling phenomena of pale scorn or stormy laughter. To another writer the circumstance of being in a great church seems to have recalled to mind various other occasions on which he had found himself similarly situated; and being a gentleman of musical tastes, he gives us some happy parallels between English cathedrals, expressed in musical terms. "Ely falls upon the eye like an Æolian harp upon the ear; Durham might be likened to the sound of a trumpet; Lichfield is like one of Handel's melodies; Rochester is a psalm tune; Canterbury, an oratorio"—and therefore composed, we presume, of many Lichfields. But Westminster "is the music to which History has sung her lay," the accompaniment being composed of "the bones of the poets that lie, the ashes of the statesmen that sleep," and "the royal dust that"—on the principle of honour to whom honour—"waits the Resurrection," within its walls.

Meanwhile, other equally brilliant pens were describing the aspect of things out of doors. There are some discrepancies in the different statements of the appearance of the streets; one witness being "somewhat surprised at the air of familiar quietude which some of the principal thoroughfares presented," while another considers that "any one who casually walked through the city could have at once perceived that some unusual event, and one of a character to create almost universal interest, had taken place." A writer who seems to have been either exceptionally fortunate in gaining admission to Cambridge House, or else exceptionally observant when he got in, is enabled, in right of one or other of these advantages, to hit off the most salient points in the demeanour of the principal mourners. "Mr. Gladstone's face was very pale, but wore an expression of composure"; Sir George Grey's face "looked still paler"; the Duke of Cambridge's "commanding figure mixed with the throng in the reception-room without losing itself there." The Archbishop of Canterbury seems to have done nothing more worthy of notice than to "follow nearly at the same moment" with Lord Cranworth; but Lord Granville "entered with a step whose courtly elasticity was subdued by thoughts inseparable from time and place," and then the Earl of Clarendon "passed with slow stateliness into the group of mourners." The feature in the conduct of the crowd outside which seems to have most struck the observers was the decorous moderation of their emotion. "We should greatly misrepresent the general aspect of the crowd were we to call it that of personal grief." Indeed, "not to mince matters, it was curiosity which drew them together"; for "though the late Premier was perhaps better known to his countrymen than any statesman who has governed England, he was not personally known to them." And, according to another description, even those to whom he was personally known seem to have been equally undemonstrative in their expression of feeling. "The mourners were comparatively calm, as remembering that, though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow"; and "even those who had lost a dear personal friend knew that it was time for him to go, and they consequently refrained from assuming an outward bitterness of sorrow which every one knew could not be as deeply felt as if the dead had died younger."

It was extremely fortunate, considered from a literary point of view, that the crowd inside the Abbey was made up of representatives of different religions—"the Turk, the Jew, the Papist, the Heretic"; for not only does this give an opportunity for the profound adaptation, "So many men, so many creeds," but the glowing imagination of the reporter enables him to credit each man with the recollection of some corresponding ceremony connected with his own faith. Thus to the mind of Sir George Bowyer there is assumed to have been present "the pomps and glories of St. Peter's, and the great swaying palanquin in which the Pontiff is borne by his halberdiers." To Sir Moses Montefiore "may have come up the dim synagogue and the dimmer sanctuary, the covered worshippers and the rolls of the law." To M. Musurus, "shutting his eyes, may have arisen the memories of the ghastly and naked mosque with its matted floor and crowded congregation, and ostrich-eggs pendent from the roof"; while to Sir Manockie Cursetjee, "the first Indian judge appointed by Victoria, Empress of Hindostan," might have "appeared a bright mirage of his own torrid home, the sacred river, the strange rites, and the yellow streak of caste." The external aspect of all these celebrities was "simple and severe," and "with scarcely an exception all insignia of rank were carefully concealed." Still, though "the eye sought in vain for an oasis of colour in the huge ocean of black coats fluted with narrow touches of white neckcloths," the mind had ample room for reverent and discriminating observation. "That retiring individual in the closely-buttoned frock was a

duke; that venerable gentleman in the loose overcoat, a judge; that modest person in a macintosh, a major-general." The funeral music appears throughout to have been of the most striking description. The choir boys sang "clearly and sweetly as with a wail of women's voices"; the lay vicars "loudly and deeply as with the stronger and more passionate sorrow of men"; and their united voices "rose clearer and louder, higher and higher, until at last the saints and martyrs storied on the gem-like panes of the oriel window seemed to tremble." In the later parts of the service, "first there came a low deep cry of sorrow, breaking upwards into a softer and lighter melody, that seemed to flutter in mid-air like the singing of infinite angels; and then there suddenly crashed upon this delicate music the stormy dissonance of human grief."

The previous quotations have been a mosaic derived from various sources, but there is something still to come which is too striking not to be credited, as nearly as the anonymous character of English journalism will allow, to its grandiloquent and imaginative author. It is the closing paragraph of the narrative in the *Daily Telegraph* which thus soars to a height hitherto, we believe, unattempted in prose or rhyme. We pass over the abstruse legal question whether to speak of the Prince of Wales as "standing on the verge of the tomb" is not constructive high treason, as going by implication in the teeth of the constitutional maxim that the king never dies; nor shall we presume to criticize the description of the great multitude "dissolving and collapsing like a chimæra"—*bombinans in vacuo*, of course—although, considered as a help to realizing the process of a crowd of people going out of church, it seems rather a case of *ignotum per ignotius*. But, in the grandeur of the sentences which follow, all these minor flashes of eloquence grow pale and ineffectual, and we prefer to hurry our reader on, without further introduction, until he shares the awe with which we read how it "seemed as though the whole framework of the giant cathedral was beginning to sob and heave with some suppressed yet tremendous emotion; as though the very pillars of stone that had stood the brunt of neglect, and violence, and civil war, and unbelief"—is the use of this last substantive a covert slap at Dr. Stanley for his supposed sympathy with *Essays and Reviews*?—"for eight hundred years were rocking to and fro." After this almost Apocalyptic outburst, we scarcely know whether it is a relief or an anti-climax to be told—"It was only the organ."

NEWDEGATE ON NEWDEGATE.

AFTER-DINNER speaking is a very laborious sort of occupation, especially in agricultural districts, and frequently meets with very little reward. Perhaps there ought to be a prize for it. Some Agricultural Society should take it up, and, in conjunction with the ploughing prizes, and the prizes for long domestic fidelity, and the prizes for having a large family, establish a prize for after-dinner talking. A silver pump which was always running dry, or a drum with a hole in it, or a miniature burst boiler, or some other symbol expressive of intense oratorical effort, might be handed annually to the Member of Parliament who had done most to deserve it. The silver pump could not be given away for many years without coming sooner or later to Mr. Newdegate. His speeches at the Warwickshire Conservative dinners have long stamped him as a man of gigantic agricultural after-dinner power, a man who possesses astonishing capacity for going on talking, and whose hearers enjoy an equally astounding capacity for going on listening. He seems the other day to have been fully equal to himself. His remarks were indeed a little funeral in tone. Part of this must be attributed to the grave nature of one of the prominent topics of the evening—the death of an English Premier who has died in harness. But it would be doing injustice to Mr. Newdegate to suppose that he would, under any circumstances, have been lively. Unremitting observation of the sinful errors and the awful progress of the Church of Rome has lent to his eloquence something of a gloomy cast, and taught him to canter over most political galloping-ground in the spirit of a pious hearse-horse. Even the Conservative triumphs in North Warwickshire have not unduly elevated him; and he appears, like Mr. Augustus Moddle, to be of opinion that winning the object of one's affections is in itself a sort of trial. It is an undoubted advantage to any after-dinner speaker to be able to regard himself as an institution, and Mr. Newdegate, contemplating himself from this standpoint, could discuss the Chairman, the Tractarian movement, Lord Palmerston's character, and the British Constitution, and show how each bore upon the great Institution in question. The Chairman had been acquainted with the Institution Newdegate in early life, and found it ever since impervious to the insidious artifices of the Papacy and the shock of time. "He has found no change in the Charles Newdegate who now represents you from the Charles Newdegate that he knew in Christchurch." Even in that primeval epoch it seems that Mr. Newdegate was in the van of the Protestant host, and he looks back on those days with the air of a veteran warrior surveying the ground of his first campaign. "It was an eventful period, the period when we were in Christchurch. The Tractarian movement was at its height, and I am sorry to say that many—or several, I shall not say many—of our cotemporaries were carried too far, and have passed the Rubicon into that territory of oblivion, the Church of Rome." Christchurch, North Warwickshire, and Agriculture

itself ought to be proud of so splendid a trope as this. These, as the Warwickshire farmers naturally would observe, are the fruits of a sound classical education. For an orator who, later in the evening, objects to using the word "liberty" because "freedom" is the truly Saxon word, the language verges upon the sublime. Passing the Rubicon into a Territory of Oblivion is indeed a geographical feat which Cæsar never achieved, and the Rubicon and Lethe have probably only this in common, that both are rivers. But the bold mixture of metaphors pales before the grandeur of the synonym which Mr. Newdegate, in the flush of Protestant enthusiasm, has discovered for the Church of Rome. It is a Territory of Oblivion. If Mr. Newdegate had termed that frail branch of Christendom Mesopotamia, he could not perhaps have done more to affect his agricultural hearers with a sense of the awful nature of Catholic superstition. The humblest churchwarden in Warwickshire who heard Mr. Newdegate would doubtless take his bedroom candlestick that night, and lay his head on his pillow, thanking God that he at least was not going to enter any territory of oblivion. Mr. Newdegate could not have struck a deadlier blow at the Papacy if he had called the Pope a centipede. There is a story of a famous Old Bailey barrister who held upon one occasion a brief before a Parliamentary Committee, and was reminded at the outset by the Chairman that he had no *locus standi*. With much promptitude he assured the Chairman that he would convince his Lordship that he had *locus standi*, and plenty of it too, and turning aside to his attorney, demanded in a stentorian whisper, "What the h—l, sir, is *locus standi*?" Mr. Newdegate's audience would have felt as anxious to know what on earth was a Rubicon and a territory of oblivion, but would have been as boldly confident that, whatever it was, their own relations to it were all that could be wished. The splendid expression—so comforting to every true Protestant—seems to have come from Mr. Newdegate almost unawares, and for one brief moment he stood aghast at his own powers of description. He had no sooner given vent to it than the formidable thought appears to have occurred to him, "What the — do I mean by a Territory of Oblivion?" With a rapidity that does much credit to the Warwickshire port, he at once hit upon an interpretation that satisfied himself, but was wholly superfluous for his admiring hearers. "I say oblivion, because too many of them seem to have forgotten all that they had learned before." The explanation reflects honour on Mr. Newdegate's etymological acquisitions, but it is disappointing to the outside world to learn that great scholars may trifle with Rubicons and Territories of Oblivion without meaning anything more serious than this.

The Institution Newdegate, having survived the ordeal of Christchurch and the beguiling influence of the Tractarian movement, having crossed no Rubicons, and having forgotten nothing that it had overlearned, finally emerged into the English House of Commons. In that elevated sphere it flourished, and still flourishes, in the shape of an "independent member." Mr. Newdegate pauses for a minute or two to consider it under this aspect. Some of his own party have of late expressed the opinion that the member for North Warwickshire carried independence to a fault. His conduct on the Danish question brought upon him the honest disapprobation of the uncompromising *Standard*, and threatened him with a withdrawal of the confidence of many high-minded Tories. The Institution, however, weathered this storm just as it weathered the Tractarian movement, and remains as bright and as glorious as ever. Mr. Newdegate uses the occasion to deliver a little clinical lecture on himself. How would the British Constitution go on without the independent member? Lord Stanley, in a speech at Birmingham, employed an expression which has given Mr. Newdegate much pleasure. "But for the independent member," said Lord Stanley, "the machine would stop." Just so. Now we may see the object of the Institution Newdegate. Without it "the machine would stop." The wheels of the British Empire every now and then get clogged. Mr. Newdegate promptly greases them, and they go on again. He "thanks God" that there are those in the House who are capable of performing this operation at the nick of time, and of "embodying the patriotism which is necessary for the vivification of the country." One thing may be said to be entirely in favour of this view. As a fact, the machine has not stopped. Even the difficult position in which the Foreign Office placed us about Denmark has been surmounted. Upon that occasion it is certain that Mr. Newdegate played the part of an independent member, and stood in a minority consisting solely of himself and the faithful Mr. Whalley. The Liberals were on one side, the Conservatives on the other, and in the midst were Mr. Whalley and Mr. Newdegate. What was the consequence? It is true that the solitary view of Mr. Whalley and Mr. Newdegate was not acquiesced in or acted upon. But the sight of two independent bulwarks, standing unmoved amid the waves of faction, was not all in vain. The machine moved on, and, like the fly in the fable which sat upon the chariot wheel, Mr. Newdegate naturally infers that had he not sat firm the wheel never would have gone round.

In common with many Conservatives, Mr. Newdegate recognises and laments in the late Premier the Conservative chief of a Radical Cabinet. This view—which at last has become common—justifies and accounts for the support which he often felt it his duty to give to Lord Palmerston during his lifetime. At the time, the simple farmers of Warwickshire may not have understood all the deep reasons Mr. Newdegate had for all his actions, but they understand, or ought to understand, him now. On his general panegyric of the deceased Minister it is unnecessary to dwell.

Men of every shade of party feeling, from Messrs. Newdegate and Bromley to Messrs. Otway and Bass, have been anxious to speak in a kindly way of a statesman who represented most of the virtues and the failings of his countrymen. But there is one criticism on Lord Palmerston's political career to which Mr. Newdegate felt bound to allude, and which, from personal experience, he felt competent to rebut. It has been said that Lord Palmerston had no eye for rising talent. Now Mr. Newdegate "considers that a calumny—a calumny which he is in a position to refute." And the means of refutation are obvious and simple. Mr. Newdegate has only to turn on the cock of his own political experiences, and the calumny presently vanishes. For what attitude did the lamented Premier adopt towards the Institution Newdegate? That is a ready and practical test. In Mr. Newdegate's early Parliamentary days, he was separated from Lord Palmerston "by party"—a barrier which sometimes, it seems, will exist even for the "independent member." "He did not seem," says Mr. Newdegate a little plaintively, "to take much notice of me." But, from 1847 to 1855, Mr. Newdegate devoted the energies of his giant mind to a compilation of an analysis of the various tariffs of Europe. It was a praiseworthy task, and "the late Mr. Lockhart" (who seems also to have been alive to the merits of the Institution Newdegate) "gave me a round scolding for not publishing a second edition of that work." To have been scolded by an editor for not publishing an edition which, we suppose, was not published because it would not have sold, is, of course, a high literary testimonial. In 1855, Mr. Newdegate so far completed his labours as to bring out the *Tariff of all Nations*, a publication for which he has since received the thanks of "almost all the Chambers of Commerce in England." Mr. Newdegate wrote thereupon to Lord Palmerston, and suggested that the form of the returns of the Board of Trade should be altered so as to supply the public with certain desirable information on similar subjects. "From the hour in which I brought this subject under his notice, Lord Palmerston's manner towards me changed." Henceforward, like the late Mr. Lockhart and nearly all the Chambers of Commerce in England, the Premier knew the value of the Institution he had so long neglected. "He gave me every encouragement which a young politician—a rising politician—should require, and I say that those who cast upon his memory the imputation that he was blind to rising talent, utter a calumny which I am in a position to refute." Nothing could be more satisfactory or convincing. To be courteous to Mr. Newdegate is to have an eye for rising talent. Nobody can deny the truth of the proposition, but it might perhaps have been more prudent in Mr. Newdegate to have left the inference for others to draw. If, however, Dr. McNeil may lawfully write of himself as "a great and good man," Exeter Hall will not be too hard on the Protestant Mr. Newdegate if he speaks of himself and of "rising talent" as one and the same thing.

Like so many speakers, Mr. Newdegate had one anecdote at least to tell of the late Premier. It is rather a funny one, in consequence of its entire absence of point. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the advanced stage of the proceedings at which it was told. The Warwickshire farmers had never passed the Rubicon, but they probably made up for it by passing the port; and some obscurity seems to have clouded either Mr. Newdegate or the reporters, when they came to the anecdote in question. It is as follows:—"I shall never forget reading one of those pithy speeches, full of wit, with which he delighted every class of his countrymen. In returning thanks for himself and his colleagues, whom he never forgot, he said, 'It is the will of the English nation that we should live pen in hand.' And pen in hand he lived." We cannot help thinking that, when he related this story, Mr. Newdegate, like the Tractarians, must have entered some territory of oblivion. He must have left out the head or the tail, or both, or else he must have as peculiar an eye for wit as Lord Palmerston seems to have had for rising talent. As it stands, the apophthegm reminds us of some of those bewildering facetiae in the *Table-talk* of the late Mr. Rogers which seem to have been inserted by some lunatic printer's devil. The only direct parallel is an anecdote related this week by Sir Harry Verney. As it, too, relates to Lord Palmerston, the two ought to stand side by side. Both, taken together, prove that after-dinner speaking may paralyse the brains of Liberal and Tories alike. If Mr. Newdegate is odd, Sir Harry is simply bewildering. "An eminent artist writing to me the other day said of Lord Palmerston, 'He was as brave as a lion and as gentle as a lamb.' His great delight was to forgive, for he said, 'I have much need of forgiveness.'" As Sir Harry says nothing about it, we presume that the eminent artist did not date his letter from Hanwell. In any case, we should hardly recommend the future biographer of Lord Palmerston to apply for material either to Sir Harry or Mr. Newdegate.

INTERNATIONAL HAIRDRESSING.

THE people who think that England's sun is fast setting will have their unworthy misgivings confounded and dissipated into thin air as they read the narrative of the proceedings of a body—we may say a learned body—which has hitherto been scarcely known to fame. The repeated victories of Gladiateur may have humbled British sport. Earl Russell's despatches may have made English counsels and English menaces a scuff and a byword. The doctrine of non-intervention may have laid English

power low among the nations, and the despondent patriot may hide his head in shame and spleen. If, however, instead of hiding his head, he would only consent to place it in the hands of a native hairdresser, he would soon learn to blush for his unmanly despair. It is the Association of British Hairdressers from whom we are bidden to anticipate the rehabilitation of our decaying greatness and glory. The hairdressers have undertaken, so to say, to coiffure Britannia anew. The laurel wreath which hangs slovenly and awry is to be rearranged over her majestic brows and carefully secured in her back-hair. These glad tidings of the utter discomfiture of "your starveling Mounseer" reach us through a graphic report of "a grand soirée at the Hanover Square Rooms, for the purpose of illustrating the art of hairdressing by British artists." The ceremonial, as the reporter most justly terms it, took place under the auspices of the Association of skilful craftsmen which we have named. The weather was unfavourable. As the Latin poet said of Honorius, so we may say that for the French hairdresser Æolus poured forth armed storms from his caverns, for the Gaul the very skies made fight and winds conspired. Notwithstanding this, the "gentle sex assembled on the occasion in appreciative numbers." There is, by the way, a slight sniff of Pythagoreanism about the phrase "appreciative numbers." The religious journals should look to this. If the *Post*, from which the report is taken, infects its readers with a belief in Pythagoras, a subtle heresy may be spread abroad in high places that may do at least as much harm as the speculations of Dr. Colenso or the Germans. However, there were the appreciative numbers of the gentle sex. The object of the soirée, it seemed, was to afford English hairdressers a practical opportunity of "vindicating their character against the assumption that the French coiffeurs are superior to them in the exercise of their art." Only they were not called English hairdressers. There is a prosaic coarseness about a title of this sort which revolts the truly artistic mind. A person of brutal plainness of speech might have styled them barbers. But, in their own delicate phraseology, they are "expositors." Why a barber should call himself an expositor, we have not the smallest idea. We have heard of a spelling-book being called an expositor, but the connection between barbers and spelling-books is not clear. These expositors "represented the English manipulators." In order that they might have an opportunity of exhibiting their skill to the best advantage, "some twelve or fourteen young ladies were invited to be present to undergo the interesting operation of having their hair dressed in a manner which their mammas and papas would have been greatly surprised to see carried out by their own particular desire." This is evidently meant for a stroke of sly humour. But somehow the English language has proved too much for the humour. For why should the mammas and papas be greatly surprised to see their own particular desires carried out? We regret, with all our sympathy, that the reporter should have been tripped up. His sly intention was no doubt excellent. But then language is so apt to play these scurvy tricks, and to baffle the best intentions in the world. "In the centre of one of the smaller rooms a long table was fixed, and thereon were arranged a succession of looking-glasses of every variety of shape and size, each being accompanied by 'powder-puffs,' cosmetics, hair-pins, and the numerous forms of ornamentation which are designed to contribute to an effective display of a lady's head-dress."

Here piles of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches.

When the excitement of the appreciative numbers had been raised to the highest pitch by the sight of these mystic paraphernalia, the expositors entered in solemn procession, "each bearing on his arm a young lady who had agreed to subject her locks to the operation of his handicraft." This thrilling scene may readily be pictured in his own mind by any reader of true imaginative power—the proud consciousness of coming victory beaming in the face of the expositors, the intellectual smirks of the young ladies who must have felt that they too were contributing to the victory, the keen attention of the audience, the solemn stillness with which the proceedings were "inaugurated." But suddenly the strains of music burst upon the ear. Perhaps barbers, like circus-horses, won't go through their tricks properly without this inspiring accompaniment. The band struck up, and at the sound "the aspiring manipulators commenced their respective tasks." At this point the proceedings must certainly have approached the sublime. The spectators, so we are assured, grew enthusiastic. They "had the satisfaction of seeing every tint and strength of human hair belonging to the fairer portion of creation twisted and twirled into such elegant and fantastic shapes as must have surprised the ladies themselves, while they excited the admiration of the onlookers." Then, "as each operator completed his labour, the heartiest applause greeted his efforts." Finally, "when all the fair victims appeared in their newly added charms, the excitement of the spectators was almost unbounded!" We wonder if the expositors thought of Pope's lines about the conspiracy "to deck With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck":—

Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springs we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The last two lines would form a neat motto for the Association. Indeed the whole passage is one which no barber's shop should be without.

After the unbounded excitement had in some measure cooled down, "various commentaries were passed upon the results of the different operations." How unspeakably pleasant this must have been to the twelve or fourteen young ladies who had consented to be the medium for illustrating the art of the expositor! The reporter might well call them fair victims. To be stared at, however, and have one's points criticized publicly, is probably less trying than one might suppose. After all, it is the end and aim of most of the ladies, gentle and simple, who undergo the operations of the "aspiring manipulator." The dismal sprite who may be supposed to hover over the Hanover Square Rooms perhaps noticed nothing surprising in the performance. The only difference is that, in an ordinary way, the ladies undergo the operation in their own dressing-rooms, and then come to be stared at afterwards. In the present case the result was most satisfactory. "The general opinion expressed was that sufficient had been done to show that English hairdressers are quite competent to vindicate their country against the supposition that there are any 'Gladiateurs' amongst the coiffeurs of France who are capable of leaving them in the background." This must have been a proud moment for the associated barbers. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria curare capillos*; it is a sweet and seemly thing to dress hair on behalf of your native land. The modern lover of his country does not practise with his murderous rifle, but heats his curling-tongs. His sword shall be beaten, not indeed into pruning-hooks, but into hair-pins. The grim shako shall be turned into *frisettes* and *chignons*. The Low Countries are no longer the battle-field of Europe, but the strife is to continue over the devoted heads of our women. After the young ladies had been sufficiently criticized and admired, "the gentleman who occupied the chair addressed some observations to the company." We take it very unkindly that the purport of the observations is not made more fully known to us. Nothing in connection with a great and precious national triumph of this sort is unimportant. At the conclusion of the observations, the chairman proposed "a vote of thanks to the expositors, and to the President of the Association." This, it must be admitted, was well deserved. The barbers had deserved well of their country. The President had taken care that the commonwealth should suffer no detriment from the invading coiffeur. Like a second Manlius, he had hurled the audacious Gaul from the heights of the hairy Capitol. Why did not the expositors instantly recall the cunning to their right hand, and intertwine leaves of bay with the locks of their heroic chieftain and leader? But there is more to come of these proceedings than an empty pageant, however well the honours of the pageant might have been deserved. The chairman expressed a hope that what they had done that night "might form the basis of a permanent club, or academy, for the cultivation and improvement of the art of hairdressing." This admirable suggestion ought not to be allowed to drop. Hairdressing is unquestionably one of the fine arts. Its end is the Beautiful. If there is a Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, why should hairdressing be denied a similar rank and similar glorification? What is the frigid beauty of the tinted Venus, or Zenobia, or the Greek Slave, when compared with the glowing colours, the fascinating style, the spiritual and expressive face of the barber's block? It is a shameful thing in the Royal Academy that its members do not eagerly admit among their number artistic labourers in another branch of æsthetic pursuit. It is no wonder that the chairman's proposition "appeared to receive very general assent." Certainly it was worth while holding what Sam Weller's friends, the Bath footmen, called a "swary," if it were only for the fact that it has elicited such an idea as this. A Royal Academy of Hairdressing! As the Roman poet exclaimed when Licinus, the famous barber of his day, was laid in a marble mausoleum—"Quis putet esse deos!"

PHIDIPPIDES.

TO walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours is a feat which disarms criticism by the mere force of its numerical symmetry. To the mind which first conceived the exploit it must have presented itself as something not only great but beautiful. If it were proposed to accomplish the same distance in nine hundred hours, the suggestion would fall flat upon the world. A harsh utilitarianism would cavil at the waste of time, and the milder forms of satire would speak tauntingly of the performer's feet. But the coincidence of miles and hours seems to add a kind of romance to the undertaking. So true it is that sentiment must enter into every task which is to achieve a lasting success. The true capacities of man's nature will never be fully understood till every part of his physical and moral being has been tested by the light of the ideal. Before the time of Captain Barclay many stout walkers may have lived and walked and perished. For him it was reserved to place walking on its true and proper basis, and to establish the harmony of the mind and leg. Already the germs of such a harmony had been dimly perceived by those who first ordained the mile as the distance which it takes a quarter of an hour to accomplish, and the hour as the time which is sufficient to perform four miles. But there must have been multitudes who yearned in secret for some fuller embodiment of their physical aspirations. "Who am I?" "Whence came I?" "Why should I walk?" must have seemed questions alike mysterious and irresistible. Years upon years rolled on, and the answer seemed as remote as ever. Then Captain Barclay arose. A thousand miles in a thousand

hours satisfied the desire of the mind, and fulfilled the ambition of the sinews.

The statistics of walking have never been carefully collected. It is a painful thing to reflect that the world has lasted six thousand years—or perhaps six thousand million—and that to this day it should be a matter of uncertainty what man, since the first flint was chipped and polished, has walked longest, strongest, and fastest. The reason of this clearly lies in the fact that walking, like so many other good things, has been too often pursued for secondary and unworthy objects. There are some who walk for the sake of health; some who walk for the sake of companionship; some who walk for the sake of danger and excitement; there are even some who walk for the sake of scenery. As long as this is the case, it is useless to hope for a truly scientific method. A person who toils over rocks and downs can never have his attention thoroughly fixed upon what he is doing. He never can know exactly his distance and his time. In a word, he never can walk for walking's sake. A high-road, on the other hand, is followed, by those who take to it, in a sober and thoughtful spirit. It is not without its varieties of dust and of clay; there are ups and downs now and then for the weaker spirits who require them; and, above all, there is the excitement of the constantly recurring milestone. But those to whom walking is its own reward are not in need of excitement. They have their work, as the phrase is, cut out for them, and they take to it in the spirit of Sir Isaac Newton. Labour becomes a pleasure, dust is but an earthly trial, and the consciousness that they are really walking is ever before their mind. So few, however—thanks to the unscientific spirit of Alpine men—are the labourers in this particular vineyard, that it is a question whether its fruit, in the shape of reliable statistics, can yet be satisfactorily reaped. If it be true that there exists such a body as the Phidippides Club, let us suggest this subject to its nascent energies. And, by way of opening the way for further inquiries, a few words upon Phidippides himself may not be out of place.

Phidippides was a Greek courier, who lived at Athens at the time of the invasion of the Persians under Darius. Just before the battle of Marathon, he was sent on a message to Sparta, and is said to have accomplished the distance in two days. Now, if he really did perform this feat, he is worthy beyond all question to be the eponymous hero of any ancient or modern association for walking purposes. Let us consider the facts of the case. In the first place, the distance may be estimated at about 1,200 stadia, or 150 miles. The ground is as badly adapted for purposes of speed as any ground can be. Almost the whole way is a series of ascents and descents, generally steep, and at the present date extremely rough; such a path, in fact, as it would be impossible to follow without considerable exertion at more than three miles and a half in the hour. It is possible that in ancient times the actual track may have been smoother; but the appearances are not such as would suggest the idea, and in any case the mountains of Argolis and Lacedæmon are the same as they always were. The words of Herodotus are as follows:—"This Phidippides, then, being despatched by the generals, on the same occasion when the god Pan, as he declared, appeared to him, arrived at Sparta on the second day (*deutepaios*) from his departure from Athens." The words clearly imply that the journey occupied but two days; the Greek idiom leaves no opening for what would otherwise be a tempting theory, that the two days spoken of were exclusive of the day of departure, and that in fact the distance was performed in three. The messenger then, according to the historian, ran or walked seventy-five miles on each of two consecutive days over a very hilly country. Now it is hardly probable that he started at midnight, and hardly probable that he arrived at midnight; and if not, something would have to be deducted from the maximum of forty-eight hours. Again, the time of year was as nearly as possible the autumnal equinox, when the night is as long as the day. Nor is this all; at least half the night was dark. It happens that the state of the moon is given by the Greek historian. When Phidippides had his interview with the archons of Sparta, it was the ninth day (inclusive) from the new moon, and it is recorded that until the full moon came the Spartans refused to stir. On the night, then, when he started from Athens, the moon must have been at the first quarter, or, if anything, rather younger; and it would thus have set on both nights not later than midnight, and given the unfortunate courier at least five hours of darkness. Lastly, we believe it to be impossible to work for forty-eight hours consecutively without sleep; and whatever was given to sleep would have to be deducted from the number of hours at his disposal. In the face of these difficulties it appears to us that the wisest course is to believe the story untrue. Phidippides is a myth. We are sorry to be driven to say it, but it is Phidippides' fault, and not ours.

The story nevertheless is believed by Mr. Grote, who, while speaking of the prodigious activity of the courier, only thinks it necessary to support it by a single parallel—that of the Cassids, or foot-messengers, of Persia. Mr. Kinnaird, he says, remarks that they will travel for several days successively at the rate of sixty or seventy miles a day. It is true that Mr. Kinnaird, who was a resident at the Persian Court, makes the remark, though it is also true that he gives no authority for the statement, and does not appear to have had any particular opportunity of knowing the facts; but there is a difference between sixty miles a day, which some English pedestrians have kept up for a week, and seventy; nor do either of them corroborate the seventy-five which Phidippides was said to have performed over a very hilly ground.

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It is more to the purpose to inquire what is actually done by the Indian bearers, whose pace and distance are open to actual observation. A palanquin, strongly made, with a little luggage, will on an average be about equal to the weight of four men. Ordinarily eight men will be enough to carry it; they will relieve each other every two or three hundred yards, and go at a jog-trot of about five miles an hour. But for a long journey a great many men, perhaps five-and-twenty, must be taken, and as many more sent on to the half-way. It is true that these men will need no rest, nor any refreshment but water and rice; but the work is after all but light, and we have never heard of a longer journey performed in a day than from Benares to Allahabad, a distance of about seventy miles. Hence, then, at all events, we have no satisfactory parallel to the story of the courier of Herodotus.

It would be a waste of time to discuss the prodigies of endurance which the countrymen of Phidippides are said to have performed—"quicquid Græcia mendax Audet in historia." How Euclydes of Platea went to Delphi to get the sacred fire, and returned to Platæa before sunset—a journey of a hundred and twenty-five miles—was attested by a tablet in the temple of Diana; and those who accord implicit belief to tombstones of a more modern age may perhaps be disposed to credit the story in the veracious pages of Plutarch. But to pass to later times—the mile-stone period, if it may be so called—of pedestrianism. What is the longest distance that has ever been performed in a day? It is certain that eighty miles have been repeatedly done. The late Mr. Hudson, who perished in the Matterhorn accident, walked in twenty-four hours from Chamouny to Geneva and back again, with hardly any rest on the way. This is certainly a less feat than that of the English pedestrian Powell, who is said to have accomplished in six days the distance from London to York and back again—about sixty-seven miles, that is, a day. But the most interesting question before us is simply how far a man can possibly walk between midnight and midnight. Twenty miles have more than once been done in three hours, but have a hundred ever been done in twenty-four? The only evidence which we can discover is a tradition of Aberdeen, that early in the present century Captain Barclay, the hero of the symmetrical thousand miles, walked a specified hundred across the county, stopping but an hour and a half on the way, and finishing his task in nineteen hours, inclusive of halts. Of this story it is hard to know what to say. We have every respect for Scotch veracity; but Aberdeenshire is a hilly county, and the journey described must have been performed, if the figures are right, at the rate of nearly six miles an hour. In the absence of strict evidence we will take refuge in a verdict of "not proven." We do not say that a hundred miles a day cannot be done, but we should very much like to see it done along a good high-road, with plenty of witnesses, and without the chance of a "lift." A circus is not to be trusted, for the spectators cannot measure out the miles, and a few yards in an oft-repeated circumference will make a good deal of difference in a mile. Even milestones may lie, as any traveller will find out who walks along the Bath Road between Marlborough and Devizes, and comes suddenly upon the fourth milestone from the latter town at a distance of about five hundred yards from its neighbour. But the Great North Road is beyond suspicion, if only any one could tell where it begins. If, however, the Phidippides Club wish to distinguish themselves, and to reflect credit upon their generation, let them start some fine night from Charing Cross. Let them walk up St. Martin's Lane, and make their way across London to Islington and Holloway. Let them take the road through Barnet and Hatfield, and rest for breakfast at Stevenage. Baldock will then be passed, and Huntingdon left on the right. Huntingdonshire and Northamptonshire may be crossed after dinner, and the last halt made at Stamford. Then if they are able, before midnight has struck, to reach the little village of South Witham, on the borders of the county of Lincoln, they will have done what it is very doubtful whether any one has done before. It will only then be necessary to come half-way back again next day, in order to experience what their great founder would have felt, supposing his road had been level—and supposing he had done his task.

LITERATURE OF THE ALLIANCE.

THE United Kingdom Alliance made so much noise last week at Manchester as to attract to its weekly and monthly publications more attention than they would otherwise have obtained. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this Association is its universality. Just as all the great men of antiquity were Freemasons, so all that is or has been illustrious in modern times is found to be comprised in the Alliance. There was, for example, Lord Palmerston, of whom we have learned since his lamented death much more than we knew during his life. We have been informed by the *Record* that he was an Evangelical Christian, and we were ourselves aware that he was a member of the Jockey Club. A contemporary assures us that he was "no bad hand with his fists" at Cambridge, and the organ of the Alliance reckons him among its prominent supporters. It is fortunate for this Association that it may be supported in very various ways. A man who abstains from strong drink himself is counted as an ally, and so is a man who desires to enforce abstinence upon other people. It is doubtless true that when Lord Palmerston had taken as much wine as was good for him he usually left the dinner-table, and it might be affirmed of him with tolerable confidence that

The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes;

so that the munificence of the deceased Premier was almost as remarkable as his sobriety. It is rather curious that simultaneously with the report of the late proceedings of the Alliance there should have appeared in the newspapers an account of Lord Palmerston's conduct towards his Irish tenants. A lot of these tenants were emigrating, and Lord Palmerston, being anxious to secure their comfort on the voyage, wrote to the ship's agent to desire that each emigrant should be supplied with a tumbler of hot rum-punch daily after dinner. Afterwards, on representation of troubles likely to ensue from these strong potations, Lord Palmerston desired that coffee and biscuit should be substituted for rum-punch. It is evident from this story that Lord Palmerston thought both rum-punch and coffee very good things in their way; and if all who think so belong to the Alliance, we have many of us been for years past, without knowing it, members of an active and influential association which has a great, glorious, and immortal destiny before it. The only discovery which can at all be compared to this was made lately in a criminal court, when it was laid down that every man who ever made a bet was a betting man. It is perhaps rather hard upon Mr. Gladstone that he is not reckoned, like Lord Palmerston, among the friends of the Association; for if Mr. Gladstone has taken duties off strong drinks, he has also put duties on, and, besides, he has encouraged the substitution of light wines for beer and spirits—a course, however, which is probably too rational to find favour with the Alliance.

On perusal of some recent numbers of the *Alliance News*, we find, as might be expected, our old friend Mr. Harper Twelvetees in considerable force as an ally. Mr. Twelvetees has lately returned from a visit to Pastor Böttcher, in Hanover, and he states, on the pastor's authority, "the sad, sad fact that Russia is groaning beneath the curse of strong drink." It appears that the heavy duties on spirits have reduced the Russian peasantry, not to abstinence, but to drinking vitriol and water as a substitute; and "in this emergency, the Czar of Russia recently despatched a representative to Pastor Böttcher for copies of all his books, pamphlets, and tracts." Mr. Twelvetees, being unable to attend the Manchester meeting, sends to its Secretary an engraving representing "Pastor Böttcher's church, parsonage, dog, and temperance postman delivering his magazines." We recognise the claims of Pastor Böttcher's dog to membership in the Alliance, and indeed it is rather disappointing not to find his name in the list of its Vice-Presidents. The Alliance has perhaps not made as much as it might make of the fact that the whole canine race, in addition to many other virtues, exhibits that of abstinence from alcoholic drinks. A "temperance postman" would be, at least in England, something of a rarity, whereas there would be nothing at all novel in the notion of a "temperance dog." As the Alliance finds members everywhere, so do its supporters discover reasons for hope and joy in the most unexpected quarters. Mr. Lawson, who used to urge upon the last Parliament what is called in the strange jargon of the Alliance "the Permissive Prohibitory Bill," was disappointed of re-election for Carlisle. It might be supposed that the Alliance would feel discouraged at its champion's defeat, but, on the contrary, it finds in it many grounds for confidence. "It may be," says a writer in the *Alliance News*, "that this event was really needed in order to chasten the spirit of the friends of the Alliance"; and the same writer sees "a grand moral element of discipline" in Mr. Lawson's defeat. The truth is, however, that this Association attempts so many things that it can hardly fail of success to some extent in some of them. Its plan appears to be to join in with any movement which is made for the promotion of sobriety, and to represent every such movement as taken under its own auspices, and as tending in the direction of the prohibition which is its own ultimate aim. The following passage from the Report read at Manchester is a good example of the usual style of proceeding of this Association:—

Though the Alliance seeks to realize a political measure upon the common ground of the common good, not of special opinion in regard to alcohol, it cannot be disguised that the prevailing belief of the excellency of strong drinks as beverage forms one of the greatest barriers to the reception of any proposal for dealing effectually with the liquor traffic.

It is certainly true that, if people believe that alcoholic beverages are wholesome, they will hesitate before depriving either themselves or their neighbours of all supply of them. The Report notes with satisfaction "the continued movement in the medical and scientific world towards more just conceptions on this point." It is a pity that the Report does not advert to a case lately tried at the Old Bailey, from which it would appear that "the continued movement" has gone only a very little way. A woman was ill of a complaint under which her medical attendants, not having anything like "just conceptions" of what they were doing, ordered wine and brandy to support her strength. Her husband refused to provide money to purchase such stimulants as were ordered for her, and he even appropriated to his own use supplies which were sent to her by friends. Ordinary people would call this man a brute, but it may possibly appear from the next Annual Report of the Alliance that he is counted among its supporters. As the jury found him guilty of manslaughter in keeping his wife without necessaries in her sickness, and as the judge sentenced him to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour, he will unfortunately be prevented from appearing at the next annual meeting

of the Alliance, but he will be eligible to succeed Mr. Lawson in the capacity of martyr to its principles. It is stated in one of the publications of the Society that many persons have fallen victims to alcoholic liquors medicinally prescribed, and there is no saying whether this man's wife, if she had recovered, might not have retained in health a liking for the stimulants which were administered to her in sickness. We hear not unfrequently of conflicts between medical officers and Guardians of Poor-law Unions. The doctors labour under the unfortunate delusion of supposing that, for many complaints which come under their care, there is no remedy so effectual as two or three glasses of good port wine daily. The Guardians object to this liberal administration of an expensive sort of physic, but in the conflicts which ensue the Guardians have been apt to get the worst of it, seeing that "the belief of the excellence of strong drinks as beverage" is rather widely prevalent in the public mind. However, the Alliance is now coming to the rescue, and stingy Boards of Guardians will be enrolled as members of it, and may be taught the art of dignifying their parsimony by high-sounding epithets. Another class who have been adopted, rather perhaps to their own surprise, into the Association are the agitators for reform of the dinners of commercial travellers at hotels. It is rather disquieting to find that any person who, by speech or writing, recommends to any extent tea or coffee as substitutes for alcoholic drinks is liable to be taken possession of, and paraded as an adherent of the Alliance. For, to say truth, the leaders of the Alliance are not altogether creditable company. A speech was delivered at Manchester by Sir R. Brisco, which contains what can only be considered as a deliberate insult to the universities. The drift of the speech was, that education could not be relied upon to prevent drunkenness, and in support of this assertion the speaker referred to the supposed conduct of undergraduates:—

Why was it that Oxford and Cambridge stood disgraced consequent on their wine parties? Whence did our clergy come? From the wine parties of Oxford and Cambridge.

One is almost tempted, upon reading these words, to go in for a course of three bottles of port daily, for fear of being by possibility mistaken for an ally of Sir R. Brisco, whom the world calls a baronet, but the *Alliance News* would call "an esteemed nobleman." If ever the Alliance, in the course of its wonderful progress, should acquire a slight smattering of good manners, it may then begin to have some chance of obtaining the adherence of men of sense and education. There are, however, numerous classes in which these qualities are not too prominent, and here the Alliance finds its principal support. Advertisements commonly appear in which young men express their desire for situations as clerks or shopmen, "where they can take some part in promoting temperance and Alliance principles." The Alliance labours under a strong suspicion of being partly maintained for business purposes; and when one reads that the "Singing Sweep" is open to an engagement to lecture on temperance, the wonder is that somebody else does not announce his readiness to appear, for a suitable consideration, as a shocking example of the effects of drunkenness. Perhaps, in the way of thorough-going advocacy of his cause, it would be difficult to surpass the London Correspondent of the *Alliance News*, who says that the parks cannot compete with the public-houses, and that, before the grass and trees can be appreciated, the facilities for boozing must be removed. There is, however, some justice in a remark of another correspondent of the same paper, that licensed victuallers do not in general sell any victuals. The proportion of meat to drink supplied by them is about the same as that of Falstaff's bread to his sack. The friends of "a teetotaler for seventeen years" appeal by advertisement to the "temperance public" to assist him to replace his plant and stock destroyed by fire. Instead of manifesting any "kind sympathy" with this sufferer, we should say that he was rightly served for drinking all the water. Also, a young lady of prepossessing appearance and engaged in business, is desirous of corresponding with a respectable young man (teetotaler preferred) with a view to a matrimonial alliance. After reading these advertisements we begin to believe that the Association will not die as long as it is possible for any of its members to make a living out of it.

REVIEWS.

CHILLINGWORTH.*

IF *laudari a laudato* be a safe rule for estimating a writer's merits, the name of Chillingworth ought to stand nearly as high in English ecclesiastical literature as those of Hooker and Butler. His *Religion of Protestants* was dedicated, by permission, to Charles I. It was written under the eye of Laud, and was by Laud's request examined by Dr. Prideaux, afterwards Bishop of Worcester; Dr. Baylie, then Vice-Chancellor of Oxford; and Dr. Samuel Fell, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity; and it was published with their unanimous approval, expressed on its title-page in the strongest language. "Nihil reperio doctrinæ vel disciplinæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ adversum, sed quamplurima quæ Fidem Orthodoxam egregie illustrent, et adversantium glossæ matæ acute, perspicue, et modeste dissipant"—says Dr. Prideaux; and the others are to the same effect. After the Restoration, similar testimony was borne to it by the licenser of the then Archbishop of Canterbury. Locke repeatedly recommended it as fitted to "teach both

perspicuity and the way of right reasoning better than any book I know." Tillotson called the author "incomparable" and "the glory of his age and nation." This great reputation rests substantially on the only considerable work he ever published, the *Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation*. Few things throw greater light on the changes of times and opinions than to read this book over again, and to think what its author, were he now living, would say of the state of things around him, and what our champions of orthodoxy would say of him. For many reasons, we cannot go into this inquiry; but we propose to give some account of Chillingworth's principal book, and of its place in the controversy to which it belonged, leaving our readers to draw such inferences as they think fit on the great subject of past and present.

Chillingworth was born in 1602, and was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow in 1628. He became a Roman Catholic some time before 1630, being converted by Fisher the Jesuit (whose real name was Percy) by the argument that there must be some one Church infallible in matters of faith, and that this must be the Church of Rome. He studied for a time, in 1631, at Do day, and was reconverted to Protestantism shortly afterwards. He published his great work in the year 1637. He was ordained in 1638, and died of exposure to cold and hardship in the winter campaign of 1643, in which he was present at the sieges of Gloucester and Arundel, where he was taken prisoner by Waller. He died at Chichester, and was buried in the cathedral. There is a charming portrait of him in Lord Clarendon's Life. It occurs in what is perhaps the most pleasing passage in all his writings—his account, namely, of what we should now call the "set" in which his own early manhood was passed, and which consisted (amongst many others) of Lord Falkland, Clarendon himself, Hales, Chillingworth, and other persons united in most cases by the common bond of extreme devotion to the Government, and still stronger devotion to the Church. In each case, however, their devotion was largely qualified by the sort of liberalism to which we have often referred as one of the best-marked and least-understood of the characteristics of the early history of the Church of England. Chillingworth displayed in perfection the intellectual side of this tendency, and his book still enables us to understand perfectly well the general theory on which it rested.

The *Religion of Protestants* is a step in a rather entangled controversy. Its place in the series is what special pleaders call a rejoinder. The earlier steps of the controversy were as follows:—In 1630, Knott (his real name was Wilson), a Jesuit, wrote a book called *Charity Mistaken*, to prove that Roman Catholics were not uncharitable in excluding Protestants from the hope of salvation. In 1633, Dr. Potter, then Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, and afterwards one of the bishops who advised Charles I. to give way in the matter of Strafford, wrote a book in answer to this, called *Want of Charity Justly Charged*. In 1634, Knott replied by a book called *Charity Maintained*, and to this he added a preface called a *Direction to N.N.* (i.e. Chillingworth), having heard that Chillingworth intended to answer him. The *Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation* is the rejoinder to this reply. Amongst the many modern inventions for which we have to be thankful, the art of abbreviating controversy is not the least important. We are content in the present day to take the leading points of an obnoxious book or pamphlet and argue against them, having a well-grounded confidence that, when the foundations are overthrown, the superstructure will fall of itself. Two hundred years ago this was not thought enough. A man was not satisfied until he had knocked down the whole of his antagonist's building, stone by stone. Chillingworth reprints the whole of Knott's book in his own, and at the end of every chapter adds an answer to it paragraph by paragraph, embodying very often in the answer a good deal of the paragraph answered. Indeed, he goes further, for he answers separately every assertion in every paragraph, and every insinuation implied in each assertion. This practice, no doubt, has some advantages. It prevents misrepresentation, and even the imputation of it. It enables the reader, if sufficiently patient, to form a real judgment as to the merits of the case, and it makes victory, when gained, crushing. If, indeed, controversy were the great object of the lives even of controversialists, it would be the form into which controversy ought to fall; but, as this is happily not the case, and as the points of essential and permanent interest at issue between controversialists are generally few in number, and capable of being stated by *bona fide* disputants shortly and broadly, perhaps the modern practice is really better for all parties, especially as it deprives controversy of much of its personal sting, and greatly conduces to candour. Men can agree to differ upon general principles, but the question whether A. or B. has got the best of a particular argument can hardly fail to be irritating, and is often altogether unimportant. It must also be owned that the altercation is in itself exceedingly wearisome. You had said A, to which Dr. Potter answered B. In your reply, you falsely allege that he falsely said B, to which you reply A. Now he did not say B, though B' would have been quite true, and very important if he had said it, and would not have been answered by A'. What he said was B, which does answer A, and is not affected by A'. All this may be true and relevant, but the human mind is hardly so constituted as to take it in, or to care for it much when it has taken it in, especially two centuries after date. Even when it is quite fresh, the constant backwards and forwards produces on many readers a feeling like moral and intellectual sea-sickness.

* The Works of William Chillingworth. 3 vols. Oxford: 1838.

Chillingworth's book contains so much of this skirmishing, and so many fierce fights on by-points, that a man must be rather a careful student who would care to read it right through in the present day. He bickers with Knott on every point referred to, even incidentally. Amongst other topics, for instance, Knott had glanced, perhaps rather disrespectfully, at James I.'s proceedings in the matter of Archbishop Abbot. This brought upon him an argument in the shape of a shower of questions drawn up like interrogatories, which certainly are (if it were worth considering them) of the most damaging nature for Knott, but which at the present day appear like interruptions to a very impressive argument. Hundreds of instances of the same kind might be given. It is probably to this that Mr. Hallam referred when he described Chillingworth's style as "more diffuse" than Knott's. Profusion, rather than diffusion, appears to us the right word. There is too much matter, but the style is severity and precision itself.

Chillingworth's style, indeed, is not only one of the greatest attractions of his book, but is also perhaps the strongest indication which it supplies of the extraordinary qualities of his mind. Its naked severity and nervous simplicity are occasionally dashed by a vein of eloquence which breaks out unexpectedly and with prodigious effect, especially as it depends neither upon a musical ear nor upon pleasure in ornament, but upon the excitement of strong masculine feeling roused by an adequate cause—the feeling, generally speaking, of indignation against oppression, sophistry, and falsehood. An earnest and indeed passionate love of truth was the great characteristic of Chillingworth's mind. He became a Roman Catholic because he thought that in that Church he should find, not peace but truth; and he left it because he found himself cheated with mere pretences to truth, which crumbled away from him when he tried to grasp them. He was a man of a very different turn from some modern converts to Rome. His object was not to be governed, but to be taught, and when he found that government and not teaching, directions to the mind and not food for it, were what was to be had at Rome, he returned to the Church of England. The following is a good illustration of the fervour with which he expressed himself. It contains, moreover, words which have passed into a proverb:—

The BIBLE I say, the BIBLE only is the religion of Protestants. . . . I for my part, after a long and (as I verily believe and hope) impartial search of "the true way to eternal happiness," do profess plainly that I cannot find any rest for the sole of my foot but upon this rock only. I see plainly and with mine own eyes, that there are popes against popes, councils against councils, some fathers against others, the same fathers against themselves, a consent of fathers of one age against a consent of fathers of another age, the church of one age against the church of another age. Traditive interpretations of scripture are pretended, but there are few or none to be found; no tradition, but only of scripture, can derive itself from the fountain, but may be plainly proved either to have been brought in, in such an age after Christ, or that in such an age it was not in. In a word, there is no sufficient certainty but of scripture only for any considering man to build upon. This, therefore, and this only, I have reason to believe; this I will profess, according to this I will live, and for this, if there be occasion, I will not only willingly, but even gladly, lose my life, though I should be sorry that Christians should take it from me.

The whole of the passage from which this extract is made is eminently characteristic of Chillingworth's occasional fits of eloquence. As instances of his remarkable power of argument, two passages may be referred to. One in the answer to Knott's second chapter (Vol. I. p. 202-12, Oxford Edition), in which he retorts Knott's charge that, according to Protestants, nothing more than probability is to be attained in religious belief. He shows what a number of merely probable conclusions as to matters of fact, resting upon hardly any evidence at all, a man must believe before he can be sure that he has received valid absolution—as that the priest who gives it was baptized with due matter, words, and intention; that the bishop who ordained him ordained him with due matter, form, and intention; that the ordaining bishop himself was first a priest and then a bishop; and so on like the house that Jack built. This leads up to the celebrated climax quoted, amongst others, by Lord Macaulay:—"That of ten thousand probabilities no one should be false; that of ten thousand requisites, whereof any one may fail, not one should be wanting, this is to me extremely improbable, and even cousin-german to impossible." A similar instance of his peculiar vein is to be found in vol. ii. p. 68-70. Knott had charged his antagonist with contradicting himself. The charge was a very obvious quibble, and was merely by the way. Chillingworth retorts by drawing out in form all the contradictions involved in the doctrine of transubstantiation, and asking Knott either to reconcile them or to admit that men might believe contradictions. The retort is out of all proportion to the occasion for it, but it is a model of nervous vigour of expression. The argument concludes with the important and profound remark (re-made long afterwards by Abraham Tucker) that men both may and constantly do believe contradictions, when the opposition between the contradictories is not immediately obvious.

We have noticed Chillingworth's style at some length, because the doctrine that the style is the man has seldom been better illustrated, and also because the style itself is nearly the first specimen, as it is also one of the best of all specimens, of pure, vigorous, modern English, delivered from the trammels of the classics. Like Clarendon and Jeremy Taylor, Chillingworth wants little but a change in punctuation to be a writer of our own day, and a writer as powerful, as expressive, and as idiomatic as any in the whole history of our language. It is remarkable that he uses hardly any obsolete words. In a pretty careful study of his book we have found only the following:—

"Disease," as a verb active for "inconvenience"; "Equipage," for "equipoise"; "Crambe," used as in "crambe repetita."

The points in issue between Knott and Chillingworth, when drawn out into a short form and freed from collateral disputes, are neither long nor intricate when they are really understood; but it is easy to misunderstand them and to get a false notion of the whole subject, from the very familiarity of the terms employed. The whole of Chillingworth's book, for instance, is supposed to be summed up in the two propositions that there is a right of private judgment, and that the Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants. In order to see precisely what he meant by these doctrines, it is necessary to go a little further into the bearings of his controversy with Knott. The case on the one side and the other stood somewhat as follows:—

Both sides agreed that certain doctrines, belief in which was necessary to salvation, had been revealed by God to man.

Both sides also agreed in the absolute truth of the whole Bible, and in the doctrine that the Bible contained a revelation either of all or of some of these doctrines.

Knott affirmed, and Chillingworth denied, that the Church of Rome was the depositary of unwritten traditions collateral to and of equal authority with the Bible, and that, thereby and otherwise, the Church of Rome was the authorized interpreter both of the Bible and of tradition, and that it was necessary to salvation to believe the whole matter thus put forward.

Chillingworth affirmed, and Knott denied, that the doctrines necessary to be believed were plainly expressed in the Bible, and were contained (with others) in the Apostles' Creed.

Knott concluded that it was necessary to salvation to believe whatever was put forward as an article of faith by the Church of Rome. Chillingworth concluded that whoever believed all matters of faith clearly expressed in the Bible, or, more particularly, whoever believed all the articles of the Apostles' Creed, believed all that was necessary to salvation.

These, as a lawyer would say, were the chief issues between the two disputants. There were, however, several subordinate questions closely connected with these which it is necessary to state shortly in order to give a fair notion of the controversy.

Chillingworth is continually pressed by Knott to give a catalogue of the fundamentals which, as he said, were clearly expressed in the Bible. He admits at last that he cannot give such a list, but he says (which is true) that Knott himself recognises the distinction; and he gives a variety of reasons for the assertion that all fundamentals were contained, along with other things, in the Creed and in each of the four Gospels. Hence he argues that whoever believes either the Creed or the whole of any one Gospel may be sure that he believes whatever is necessary to salvation, and something over. He also explains his inability to give a precise list of fundamentals, by alleging the principle that "fundamental" is a relative term; that what is so to one man is not so to another; that to an infant or lunatic, or a man deaf and dumb, nothing is fundamental; and that the list would vary indefinitely from man to man, according to individual circumstances.

Chillingworth was also pressed by Knott with the difficulty that if men were referred to the Gospels in particular, or the Bible in general, they would err, at all events, in matters not plainly declared. To this Chillingworth replied that a *bona fide* student of a matter plainly stated could not err, for that, if he did, the statement would not be plain; that if *bona fides* were wanting, his error was sinful, and that, if plainness in the statement was wanting, his error was innocent. It is by this avenue that Chillingworth introduces reason as the ultimate measure of faith, which is the cardinal feature of his system. Knott's conception of faith was altogether different, and the discussion whether it was right (on which we cannot enter here) is one of the most curious parts of the controversy.

Perhaps the most singular feature in the whole controversy, at least to a modern reader, is that both disputants, but more especially Knott, deal throughout with the whole question as a matter, not of truth, but of expediency or personal danger. Knott's last word and final appeal is to the duty of charity to oneself. He says:—

In things necessary to salvation no man ought in any case, or in any respect whatsoever, to prefer the spiritual good either of any particular person or of the whole world before his own soul. According to those words of our blessed Saviour, "What doth it avail a man," &c.

He insists on the arbitrary and technical character of salvation:—

No ignorance nor impossibility can supply the want of those means which are absolutely necessary to salvation. If an infant die without baptism he cannot be saved.

Thus:—

If by living out of the Roman Church we put ourselves in hazard to want something necessarily required to salvation, we commit a most grievous sin against the virtue of charity as it respects ourselves, and so cannot hope for salvation without repentance.

His whole book, indeed, is an expansion of an argument which no dialectical skill can divest of its revolting character:—

Consider how all Roman Catholics, not one excepted . . . do with unanimous consent believe and profess that Protestantism unrepented destroys salvation and then tell me . . . whether it be not more safe to live and die in that Church which even yourselves are forced to acknowledge not to be cut off from the hope of salvation.

He works this out systematically in his final chapter. Chillingworth is far bolder and more generous. In reply to Knott's argument, just quoted, he says:—

In saying this you seem to me to condemn one of the greatest acts of charity of one of the greatest saints that ever was—I mean St. Paul, who,

for his brethren, desired to be an anathema from Christ. And as for the text alleged by you in confirmation of your saying, "What doth it avail a man if he gain the whole world and sustain the damage of his own soul?" it is nothing to the purpose; for without all question it is not profitable for a man to do so; but the question is whether it be not lawful for a man to forego and part with his own particular profit to procure the universal spiritual and eternal benefit of others.

As to unbaptized infants, he observes:—

If you may gloss the text so far as that men may be saved by the desire without baptism itself, because they cannot have it, why should you not gloss it a little further, that there may be some hope of the salvation of unbaptized infants?

This is a very noble passage, and may remind the reader of the utterances of certain well-known contemporary authors on the possibility that a man may think a great deal too much about what one of them calls "his own dirty soul"; but Chillingworth did not always maintain this tone. He was careful not to be too charitable, for he obviously had a wholesome terror of the practical effect of Knott's argument on those to whom it was addressed. He says repeatedly that ignorance or *bona fides* only can save Roman Catholics, and taunts Knott with admitting as much of Protestants. The only pleasant thing in those mutual threats is to observe how each side devised loopholes to escape from its own doctrines. Both Knott and Chillingworth were better than their theology.

These heads give the main outline of the controversy, but the principle which pervades the whole admits of more consecutive and less controversial statement. It is perfectly true that the assertion of the right of private judgment was the great object of Chillingworth's book; but it is less often observed how emphatic the word "judgment" was in his system. He used it, not in the loose indefinite sense which is generally attached to it in the phrase in question, but in a more accurate one, which it is not easy to explain in a single phrase. In order to explain it we must return to the general principles of the controversy, and point out the way in which Knott's claim to infallibility for the Roman Catholic Church arose. It was founded on the principle that there was an original revelation—a certain number of specific propositions announced by God to men, which it was necessary for men to believe; but that, as some of these propositions were unwritten, and as some of the written propositions were ambiguous, the only possible way by which they could be conveyed to men was through an actual living interpreter. The main stress of Chillingworth's argument, though he does not express it quite in that form, was to show that this, in fact, amounted to a claim for the Church of Rome of supreme judicial and legislative power over all Christians—the legislative power being, in fact, involved in the judicial power as claimed; for it is obvious that a judge who is entrusted with the power of declaring this or that to be a portion of unwritten tradition, and of affixing whatever meaning he pleases to obscure writings, is in reality a legislator, and not merely or principally a judge. A judge moreover, *ex vi termini*, or nearly so, implies a sheriff. If his decisions are to have the force of law, they must be carried into effect by penalties upon those who disobey them; and thus, as Chillingworth pointed out, the claim to be a guardian and keeper of tradition is in reality a claim to be sovereign of the world, for it is a claim to make laws for the government of men in their highest capacity, and to provide means for putting those laws, when so made, into execution. Such a claim, of course, is in itself perfectly intelligible on the part of any organized body like the Romish clergy; but it is equally obvious that it ought not to be admitted without the clearest evidence. The great point of Chillingworth's book is, that he brings out both the nature of the claim and the weakness of the evidence on which it rested, with remarkable point and vigour. After showing at length the nature of the claim made by Knott and the consequences to which it would lead, he continually returns to the question of evidence. "If you really are entitled to this position, show your title. How easy, how simple, and how vitally necessary it must have been to have given you the position which you claim in unambiguous words, if that had been intended?"

It is in answer to this view of Knott's that Chillingworth set up what has since become so hackneyed under the name of the right of private judgment. He did not mean by this at all that religious belief was a matter of indifference. On the contrary, he repudiates the doctrine that men may be saved in any religion as "most impious and detestable"; and it is clear enough to every reader of his works that he had as positive a creed as Knott himself. That God had given a law to man he strenuously maintained; but, he contended, the law so given purports to be complete, and as you admit it to be absolutely true, you have no right to contradict it. Its admitted obscurity in parts shows that its author regarded diversity of opinion as to those parts as innocent, and indeed necessary. Your argument is, Because it pleased God to give man a vague and incomplete revelation, therefore a body which claims the power of reducing it to a specific form, and of completing its outline, must be divine and infallible. Logic will require the substitution of "cannot" for "must." In a word, Chillingworth inferred from the absence of any distinct appointment of a permanent judge that every man was meant to apply the law to his own particular case for himself, and at his own risk. This, he says, is necessary at all events for many reasons, two of which will probably never be answered. The first is, that the object to be attained is admitted to be belief,

but belief is involuntary and dependent upon reason, and the judge and the sheriff can produce only conformity; or, to use his own expressive words:—

To force either any man to believe what he believes not, or any honest man to dissemble what he does believe (if God commands him to profess it) or to profess what he does not believe, all the powers in the world are too weak with all the powers in hell to assist them.

The second is, that at all events every man must judge for himself as to the infallibility of his judge; and as the stream cannot rise above the source, so he can never get beyond his own opinion, mediate or immediate. "So that, for aught I can see, judges we are and must be of all sides, every one for himself, and God for us all." It is difficult to exceed the epigrammatic pithiness with which this is maintained and expounded in different places, as thus:—

The difference between a Papist and Protestant is this—not that the one judges and the other does not judge, but that the one judges his guide to be infallible, the other his way to be manifest.

Or again:—

You that would not have men follow their reason, what would you have them follow? Their passions, or pluck out their eyes and go blindfold? No, you say, but let them follow authority. In God's name let them. . . . But then for the authority you would have them follow, you will let them see reason why they should follow it, and is not this to go a little about? To leave reason for a short turn, and then to come to it again, and to do that which you condemn in others?

One remarkable point in Chillingworth's book is that he anticipates in order to condemn it, and as a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*, the very doctrine of development which has attracted so much attention in our own time. Knott had spoken of the necessity of a judge to deal with "new heresies that might arise." To this Chillingworth answers:—

To say that new heresies may arise is to say that new articles of faith may arise, and so some great ones among you stick not to profess in plain terms, who yet at the same time are not ashamed to profess that your whole doctrine is Catholic and apostolic.

Elsewhere he speaks of the "doctrines which . . . have insinuated themselves into the streams little by little; some in one age, some in another; some more anciently, some more lately; and some yet are embryos, yet hatching, and in the shell, as the Pope's infallibility, the blessed Virgin's Immaculate Conception," &c.

Such is the general vein of argument which runs through the whole book, and is enforced and repeated in an infinite variety of different ways. Another runs parallel with it, which is perhaps more interesting in our days. It is in the nature of an answer to Knott's constant demand, "Where do you get your Bible except from the Church? What is the basis of your whole system?" It is in his answer to this question that Chillingworth displays the greatest amount of boldness. He says that the divine authority of the Bible rests upon general tradition—that is, upon historical evidence; and that it is a conclusion of reason, and that the whole Christian religion rests ultimately upon this foundation. There is a remarkable passage near the end of the book which sets this in a very clear light:—

Whatever man that is not of a perverse mind shall weigh with serious and mature deliberation those great moments of reason which may incline him to believe the divine authority of Scripture, and compare them with the light objections that in prudence can be made against it, he shall not choose but find sufficient, nay, abundant inducements to yield unto it firm faith and sincere obedience. Let that learned man Hugo Grotius speak for all the rest in his book of the *Truth of the Christian Religion*, which book whosoever attentively peruses shall find that a man may have great reason to be a Christian without dependence on your Church for any part of it.

There are many other curious passages (see especially vol. i. 273-5), to the effect that reason alone can judge in controversies relating to Scripture, which have a direct and important bearing on the great discussions of our own days.

It may naturally be asked how such liberalism as this—for Chillingworth would, in the present day, be described as a Rationalist, and his whole book is directed to prove that a probable opinion is the utmost that can be attained in theological matters—came to be patronized by men like Laud. The answer appears to be, that Laud and Charles were far more disciplinarians than inquisitors. It was less their object to interfere with men's creeds than to regulate their practice. Chillingworth is asked by Knott, how in any case he could blame schism from the Church of England? He replies, in substance, that schism in itself is not a bad thing, but that schism without a reasonable cause is, and that he is willing to show the unreasonableness of the causes alleged by Dissenters for forsaking the ritual established by law. His position, indeed, was very like that of the Federals as against the Confederates. They admitted that rebellion might be justifiable, but denied that this particular rebellion was justifiable. Most of the Royalist and High Church writers of that generation treat the Puritans, not as heretics, but rather as people of weak scrupulosity, which they ought in common sense to overcome. Laud was no inquisitor. His great offence was his determination to assert, in season and out of season, the right of the public authorities to regulate rituals and observances, and to enforce Church discipline. This, in the particular state of feeling which then prevailed, was consistent with extreme liberalism (not that Laud himself was extremely liberal) in matters of belief.

SHERMAN'S MARCH.*

IF proof were needed of the bitterness and extravagance of the political passions excited in this country by the late American war, it would be abundantly furnished by the praises accorded by certain journals to the *Story of the Great March*. Men do not always write fairly and honestly of their enemies; even soldiers are not always just or generous to a vanquished foe; but we trust that no English officer and gentleman could have been found capable of the authorship of such a work as this. The records of the Indian Mutiny are not altogether creditable to English justice, humanity, and common sense; but if ever ferocity and sanguinary vengeance could be palliated by provocation, the Sepoys had supplied ample excuse for the errors of their conquerors. No Englishman would have spoken of the Russians, even during the heat of the Crimean war, as Major Nichols speaks, deliberately and in cold blood, of the defeated Southerners; and if a book had been published in 1856 in which our recent campaigns had been described in such a tone and spirit, we venture to say that its condemnation by the press would have been unanimous, unsparring, and conclusive. It might be curious, were it now worth while, to inquire into the motives which led certain English newspapers to espouse the Northern cause with a vehemence which knew no bounds of reason, or even of decency; to defend, and even to exult over, acts which, if perpetrated in Poland or in Venetia, would have found no apologists among the most impassioned advocates of the Holy Alliance. Barbarities which had long since been banished from European warfare—murders in cold blood, outrages on prisoners like General Morgan, whose exploits rivalled in gallantry and skill the most brilliant achievements of Garibaldi, devastations of unprecedented extent and wanton cruelty, acts of Vandalism like the destruction of Mr. Mason's house and the burning of the archives at Jackson, the unprovoked conflagrations of open and defenceless towns—were mentioned with exultation, or extenuated with a censure so faint as to convey something like approval. Arguments which, in any other case, self-respect would have carefully eschewed, were freely employed; assertions which only desperation would adventure were made and reiterated. Much of this passion may doubtless be ascribed to the fact that American institutions had been made the idol and example of English Radical oratory, until the orators had learnt to think their own cause bound up with the success of the Union. Nothing but a strong political interest could have provoked the passions which have survived the struggle, or made it possible for respectable English journals to speak of such a work as that before us in terms of approval and respect.

From the first page to the last, Major Nichols lavishes upon the unfortunate "rebels" every sort of misrepresentation, calumny, and abuse. They are traitors, cowards, and ruffians; they "whine like whipped curs" when robbed of their all by the heroic avengers of the insulted North; they are savages to their slaves, tyrants to the poor whites, and runaways in the field. On the State of South Carolina, in particular, he pours forth the vials of a wrath which takes no account of truth or decorum. He contrasts the alleged squalor and wretchedness of that rich and highly cultivated State with the comparative civilization and comfort of North Carolina—notoriously one of the poorest and most backward States in America, but which, perhaps for that reason, was as reluctant in the work of secession as South Carolina was active and forward. He accuses the latter of hurrying her sister States into secession and civil war, in the confidence that her central position would exempt her from injury; forgetting, or expecting his readers to forget, that she seceded without waiting to learn whether she would be supported or not, that she was quite as vulnerable as any of the Gulf States, and that, when the attempt of Mr. Lincoln to reinforce Fort Sumter by a surprise precipitated the country into war, South Carolina was actually the northernmost of the Confederate States. The long and resolute defence of Charleston, and its utter ruin by blockade and abandonment, completely refutes his vulgar and ridiculous aspersions on Carolinian courage, as the early occupation of the coast by Federal troops disposes of the assertion that the Palmetto State expected to escape the inflictions of war. The only accusation to which South Carolina is really obnoxious is that she rushed too hastily into a position fraught with peril, neither counting the cost nor waiting to secure support. But we need hardly waste words on charges intended to depreciate the courage of the South. It was Major Nichols's good fortune to share the march of a General who, during the whole of the period covered by this book, had seldom an enemy in his front, and never encountered anything like an equal force; but those of his fellow soldiers who really felt the hardships and encountered the perils of the war will know how to deal with one who charges cowardice upon the troops who defeated the Federal armies on twenty battle-fields. Quite in keeping with such imputations are other passages, which incidentally reveal more of the nature of the writer than of the facts he professes to discover. Few men would like to tell how brutally they exulted over the destitution of a lady of birth and fortune, and, when she declared that she would be reduced to give music lessons for a livelihood, replied "I am glad to hear

it." We hope that this story escaped the notice of those contemporaries who have commended the book. Other conversations are certainly surprising, as they reveal a degree of enlightenment on the part of negroes, forbidden to read or write, surpassing that of many Northern artisans, and show that Southern ladies and gentlemen are ignorant of the most elementary arguments for secession which are familiar to every English schoolboy. If Major Nichols were a little less eager to make out a case for his party, and a little more careful to avoid extravagance and self-contradiction, his book might be a little more effective. Like other men of the same stamp, he falls into the common error of proving too much. A score of negro preachers are assembled at Savannah to meet General Sherman, and the shrewdness of their remarks and the magnificence of their cranial development forces the author to blush for his race. "So many noble heads could not have been found among an equal number of white clergymen." The peculiar conformation of the negro skull produces upon Major Nichols a very different impression from that entertained by ordinary observers or by professional ethnologists.

Offensive as is the tone of the work, and unpleasant as its language and feeling must be to all men of correct taste, it must nevertheless possess a certain value so long as it remains the only history of one of the most remarkable achievements of the American war. It is true that neither the quality of the troops nor the strategical skill of the General was tested by the difficulties of the exploit. The army met with no serious resistance except at the very end of the route, and it was furnished with ample means of overcoming all the obstacles placed in its way by nature. But the keen military insight which discerned the facility with which the march might be accomplished, and the results which it must produce, place the author of the conception—whether it originated with Grant or Sherman—among the first rank of successful generals; and the skill and completeness with which the whole movement was executed, the manner in which the army was kept together on so long and laborious a journey, the avoidance of unnecessary conflicts, and the decisive consequences of success, entitle the Commander-in-chief to the highest praise. Neither Grant nor Sherman was ever called upon to display the genius which enabled Lee to achieve so much with forces always inferior in number and material to the enemy; and probably both of them would have failed if opposed to that General in the campaign of Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, while the Southern army was unbroken by the waste of war and undismayed by disaster. Grant's campaign in Virginia was one long series of defeats repaired by obstinate resolution and vast numerical superiority; and Lee was worn out by battles in each of which the enemy's loss was greater than his own. Sherman was never opposed to a competent antagonist at the head of equal forces. But the Great March was, nevertheless, a brilliant manoeuvre; and the military scheme of which it formed a part was an admirable strategic combination. Lee was pushed back upon Richmond, and held there by overwhelming force, while Sherman pierced "the shell" of the Confederacy, and revealed, as he had previously asserted, the hollowness beneath. The complete success of the scheme was due to his adversaries. President Davis committed the fatal error of removing Johnston, who was a great general, to make room for Hood, who was only a dashing leader. The Southern army was wasted in fruitless battles, and finally withdrawn by a move which showed that those who ordered it were utterly misinformed as to the strength of the enemy. When Hood invaded Tennessee, he expected to force Sherman to pursue him; but he was left to encounter a superior enemy in Thomas, while the Federal army moved forward from Atlanta towards the sea-coast. On its march it encountered no foe whom Kilpatrick's cavalry was not able to repulse. Major Nichols notes the entire absence of men on the route, and insinuates that they had fled for safety, leaving the women to their fate. The assertion is as untrue as it is cowardly. The military exigencies of the Confederacy had drained Georgia of fighting men, and Beauregard could collect no forces to encounter Sherman. The invaders captured Millidgeville, but wasted no time in attacking fortified places. They knew that, if their main object were attained, these must fall, and they pressed steadily on. Fort M'Allister fell at the first attack, never having been really defensible; Hardie was forced to save his division by evacuating Savannah. From Savannah Sherman pushed on through the interior of South Carolina, cutting Charleston off from the Confederacy, and compelling the evacuation of a place which probably might have stood another four years' siege. Still the march went on, until, for the first time, the enemy actually gave battle. Sherman claimed the victory at Averysborough and Bentonville; but the result was a decided check to his progress. But it came too late. While Johnston still lay in his front, news came of the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee. Grant had done his work; Sherman had rendered Grant's success final; and Johnston had no choice but to capitulate.

Nor was its direct strategic effect the only result of the Great March. The invasion of the interior of the Confederacy had alarmed the soldiers of the imperilled States for the safety of their families, and in this manner, as Major Nichols affirms, "demoralized" the Virginian army. Well might they fear. Major Nichols affirms, indeed, that no outrage was committed on women and children; but his own account of the character of the foragers who were allowed to struggle far and wide, and plunder at their will, sufficiently refutes his assertion. Men of this sort never

* *The Story of the Great March; from the Diary of a Staff-Officer.* By Brevet-Major George Ward Nichols, Aide-de-camp to General Sherman. With a Map and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1865.

respect the life or honour of those who are at their mercy, and the General who lets them loose to ravage an open country, as if it were a town taken by assault, is answerable for the consequences. By Major Nichols's own admission, the soldiers were allowed to steal everything they could lay their hands on, from chickens and hogs up to plate, personal ornaments, and furniture. This is not a civilized fashion of warfare; the European laws of war, whatever license they may allow in regard to forage and provisions, usually respect all other property. But Sherman deliberately set aside the laws of war, and aimed at producing terror by systematic severity. In respect to the burning of private dwellings, Major Nichols pays little regard either to truth or to consistency. At page 86 he says, "The well-known sight of columns of black smoke meet our eyes again; this time houses are burning. . . . There is a terrible gladness in this realization of so many hopes and wishes." At page 93, "Widespread columns of smoke continue to rise wherever our army goes. Building material is likely to be in great demand in this State for some time to come." Yet, when General Hampton reproaches the invaders with this wanton incendiarism, Major Nichols is furious at the calumny, and says (p. 163), "Houses have unquestionably been burned upon our march, but they were the property of notorious rebels, who were fortunate in escaping so easily." And the man who writes in this fashion is indignant at finding torpedoes laid on the line of march in front of a Confederate line of defence, and can find no words bitter enough for the Southern commanders who, according to universal usage, hang or shoot marauders whenever they are caught. Fully to appreciate the conduct of General Sherman and the language of his aide-de-camp, we must remember that, when the Southern army entered Pennsylvania, both dwellings and property were respected by troops who had seen Virginian homesteads burnt and Virginia ravaged from end to end by the brothers-in-arms of Grant and Sherman. These facts are not among those fruits of mutual exasperation whose memory should be allowed to perish with the close of the war out of which they grew. Outrages forbidden by the laws of war are offences against the common interest of mankind. War is savage enough at best; its humaner rules rest only on custom, and are weakened by every infringement; and those who break them do their best to make not only the war in which they are engaged, but all war, more cruel and licentious than it is. The massacre at Palmyra, the devastation of the Shenandoah valley, the deeds done by Pope and Sheridan, and sanctioned by President Lincoln, are so many precedents in favour of crimes which the chivalry of modern Europe has with difficulty banished from civilized warfare; and it is the duty of history to brand them and their perpetrators with the stigma which a wanton relapse into barbarism deserves. Nothing but the determination of President Davis and General Lee to abstain from reprisals, however sorely provoked or eagerly demanded, prevented the American war from becoming one of mutual extermination.

In the terms of surrender granted to General Johnstone, Sherman showed a generosity which drew down upon him much abuse from the Northern press, and some unjust suspicion from men who were far from understanding as well as he did the position of the South. He knew that all chance of renewal of resistance was ended by the capitulation, and was anxious to conclude the war on the simple terms always proposed by Mr. Lincoln—the restoration of the Union. Had Mr. Lincoln lived, the convention might not improbably have been confirmed. Unhappily, when the news reached Washington, his murder had thrown a momentary ascendancy into the hands of those who thirsted for vengeance and confiscation, and a policy of vindictive severity was for the time in favour. Calmer thoughts have by this time induced those who then denounced General Sherman's offers as little short of treasonable, to carry out in substance the principles of that convention; and the happy effects of Mr. Johnson's conciliatory scheme of reconstruction are the best vindication of the wisdom of the commander who sought to signalize a decisive conquest by a universal amnesty and a prompt restoration of the rights of the vanquished.

WYSE'S EXCURSION IN THE PELOPONNESUS.*

THESE volumes are the record of a tour in the Peloponnese, made in the year 1858 by Sir Thomas Wyse, then our Minister at Athens. It was undertaken partly for health, and to gain some respite and refreshment from the heat and dust of Athens; but Sir Thomas Wyse had also before him objects connected with his public duties, and he wished to examine and see for himself the state and progress of one of the most considerable portions of the Greek Kingdom. After the Crimean war, a Financial Commission was appointed by the three protecting Powers to inquire into the resources of Greece, and to ascertain how far the allegations of the Greek Government as to the poverty of the country and the impossibility of paying the interest of the guaranteed debt were to be trusted. Of this Commission, consisting of the English, French, and Russian Ministers at Athens, aided by two assistant Commissioners, Sir Thomas Wyse was President. It was comprehensive in its investigations and very diligent in its labours; it collected a great mass of information; it drew up a Report, which has been laid before Parlia-

ment, and accompanied it by a series of elaborate and detailed papers on the separate heads of inquiry, which have not yet been published, but which are said to be of great interest and value. But it failed to convince the Greek Government that the difficulty of paying their debts lay, not in the slenderness of their resources, but in their own palpably vicious way of managing them, and their manifest disinclination to apply even the most obvious remedies. To collect materials for the use of this Commission was one of the objects kept before him by Sir Thomas Wyse in his Peloponnesian tour. But he was also a scholar and an accomplished man of letters; and he visited and looked at the country through which he travelled with the interest and inquisitiveness of a student of ancient Greek civilization, as well as with the practical eye of a public man intent on the present improvement and prospects of the country. His journal combines the observations and reflections of an admirer of old Greek art and literature with those of the political economist and the diplomatist, watchful for the facts of popular habits and development, education, agriculture, and the statistics of produce and trade. The work was not finished as its author intended; the labour of revising and putting into shape was interrupted by his death; but he deemed that it would contribute to a better knowledge of what he had taken so much pains to examine, and he was earnestly desirous that it should be published. His wish has been fulfilled by his niece, who has brought the utmost devotion to discharge the trust bequeathed to her by her uncle. The book, as published, bears traces of the unfavourable circumstances under which, like every book which its author does not bring to completion, it appears before us. The work of condensation and re-arrangement is impossible for an editor, however obvious the necessity for it, and the likelihood that it was intended. The meaning of references and hasty notes is not always to be recovered; passages in all probability left for re-writing and further development cannot now be amended or explained; and a list of errata, which might be considerably enlarged, shows that the author's handwriting has not always clearly told its purport. But the work is that of a well-prepared and very intelligent observer, who had unusually favourable opportunities for seeing what he wished to see, and was extremely well qualified to pass judgment on what he saw.

Sir Thomas Wyse and his party—a tolerably large one, including ladies—first proceeded to Monemvasia, the curious Laconian counterpart to our Cornish and Breton St. Michael's Mounts, of which a characteristic sketch forms the frontispiece to his first volume. It is a place out of the beaten track even of travellers in the Morea; and the account of it, and of the visit to it, is excellently given. The grandeur of the rugged rock, and the brilliant light of sky and sea about it; the ruinous decay in which all works of man upon it, whether of former generations or of the present, present themselves to the visitor; the mingled traces of the various Powers which have used it as a bulwark; the eager childish liveliness and simplicity of the quick-witted people of the sleepy, sunny, tumble-down village at its foot, excited to the utmost pitch of amazement, curiosity, and perhaps hope, by the astonishing apparition of an English war-steamer in their port, and a veritable English Minister in the flesh scrambling among their rocks, talking Greek with Eparchs and Demarchs, and drinking coffee in the Bishop's house—all this is described with great spirit, and with full appreciation, not only of the picturesque and historical interest of the scene, but of its grotesque oddness:—

At ten we followed to shore in the captain's gig, and experienced some difficulty in picking our way through the rocks to the bridge. The authorities were already there to meet us—the Eparch, a silent jejune man, in island trousers; the Demarch, in creditably clean fustanella; and the doctor, in Frank dress, presenting a good epitome of the transition through which manners and customs are hastening in Greece. They were attended by a whole train of merry urchins, armed with knapsacks and slates, who, bonafide bound for school, could not resist the temptation of gazing on the Frank new comers. The road near the bridge is tolerable, but this past, all traces of the kind vanished. We had to scramble through huge blocks of limestone rock, seamed with arragonite, fallen from above, along the cliff, over the narrow isthmus towards the south side, where we were informed the town lay packed up between its old parallel walls, but of which we could see no hint until we arrived at the gate. Our *cortège* by this time embraced nearly half the population. All sorts of fustanellas, island trousers, and one or two "Young Greece" pale and travelled faces, in French dress and white neck-cloths (I am thankful there were no "gants glacés"), leading the way. After half-an-hour's hot walk we reached a ruinous gateway, guarded by two soldiers, and crowded by the Primates, ready to welcome us, and entered the burgo, or town. I am sorry to say the first glance was not encouraging. The whole place makes a wretched tumble-down appearance. Streets narrow and precipitous, still Turkish; pavement broken up in block and hole; houses, many of them Venetian born, crumbling and disconsolate enough. The streets had a few open shops, with here and there an old tailor working at island trousers, the thriving trade of the place.

The church of this strange place united in itself a number of incongruous memorials of its former history. Its decided Western physiognomy at once struck Sir Thomas Wyse, a keen observer of differences in things ecclesiastical between the Greek and his own (Roman Catholic) communion. The interior architecture, arrangement, and decoration, he says, are still Catholic. On the "Eikonostasis," the "Christ" appears to be early Venetian; while the "Panagia," on the other side, is "orthodox Oriental." Turkish art appears in the mother-of-pearl framing of a small shrine, while the pulpit appears to be "renaissance." At the west-end of the church two canopies were pointed out which were said to mark the place of the thrones of the Emperor Andronicus and his Empress, the Byzantine patrons of Monemvasia, whose Bishop is said to have claimed, according to a decree of Andronicus, the right of sitting in the place of Patriarch of Jerusalem in the

* *An Excursion in the Peloponnese in the Year 1858.* By Sir Thomas Wyse, K.C.B. Edited by his Niece, Winifred M. Wyse. With numerous Illustrations. Two Volumes. London: Day & Son. 1865.

Synod, if the Patriarch was absent, and above the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch. Monemvasia is a state prison, and had lately been occupied by a certain distinguished prisoner, one General Spiro Milio; and Sir Thomas Wyse observed that the custom of engraving moral sentences on walls prevailed at Monemvasia as well as in the Tower of London. General Spiro Milio had recorded—to the amusement, apparently, of those who were acquainted with him—on the walls of the prison, his conviction that “after darkness comes light,” and that “all passions and prejudices are transitory, but only Truth eternal.” At Monemvasia nobody had ever seen a steamer near; “we only see steamers pass on the edge of the sea,” they said, “but they never come nearer.” It is a place without trade or manufacture, and nothing can be grown on the rock. Sir Thomas Wyse, like Leake, inquired in vain about Malmsey wine; “the people seemed to know nothing of its name or renown.” It is hard to understand what the inhabitants can find to do. Half the houses are uninhabited, and a large number were falling into ruin. Yet the place has two “Demotic or primary” schools, and one “Hellenic,” or superior one; a large proportion of the people read and write; newspapers abounded, and there was a café and billiard-room; there was an air of health, freshness, and content about the population; and the young ladies, full of gaiety and cheerfulness, appeared in “bright green satin jackets and incipient crinolines.”

The party landed in Maina, and travelled up the plain of the Eurotas to Sparta; thence across Taygetus into the plain of Messenia, and by Ithome, Bassæ, and Olympia, through the rugged mountain gorges which lead down by Megaspelion to Vostitza and the Gulf of Corinth. From thence they skirted the shores of the gulf, and returned by Corinth to Athens. The line which they took excluded Argolis and the western coast, as well as the central Arcadian uplands; but they went through the richest and most beautiful portion of the Peloponnesus. Sir Thomas Wyse is enthusiastic, but not unreasonably so, in his admiration of this singularly magnificent region. The Peloponnesus has—what north-eastern Greece so much wants—water and verdure. Its fat alluvial plains have rivers running through them, are covered with vegetation, and are ready for the most abundant crops; and the noble mountains which frame them round furnish examples, not only of the wildest and most savage rock scenery on a vast scale, but of that combination of green wood and ever-flowing waters which is so rare in the austere mountains round Athens. The smiling beauty and softness of the valley of Sparta form a curious contrast with our ideas of the hard, stern character of the Spartans of the Peloponnesian war, though it suits with what Sir Thomas Wyse speaks of as the “rich semi-Oriental Sparta of the Odyssey.” But Taygetus hangs over the whole, and the girdle of solemn mountains gives what is wanted of severity to the scene. Sir Thomas Wyse thus describes it, and the impressions which it produces:—

It is difficult to see more abundance with less uniformity. All kinds of luxuriance in full produce—the sharp green mulberry, the tender vine, the valonea in sturdy masses, oranges and lemons—embosoming bright-tiled houses; corn, like a very sea, below us; and through the whole, clumps of cypresses, marking two realms departed for ever—old Greece and aged Turkey—and breaking up the monotony, both pictorial and historic, Sparta the new, in the midst of this, was hardly discoverable, except as a string of pleasant places, with here and there a twinkling of the Eurotas to indicate the sources of profusion. Life, and work, and reward, are seen now in all this; but it is a faint reflection of its ancient renown or ancient proprietors. Here is found whatever the most industrious or the most luxurious could desire, and, to complete the picture, Taygetus rises beyond, the great mountain guardian of all, its upright wall rising from the plain, its ridgy defiles, its outstanding spurs, each a base of a citadel, gloomy, grand, unchanging; all this has another influence, and comprising the adjoining scenery of Menelaion, stretching off to Parion, in its stern Tzakonian character, brings back the temper to a more Doric mood, and braces up to manly thought what would else dissolve under gentler influences. I saw in it such a landscape as nature chooses when she makes Tells, and raises at the same time, in the same spirits, the strongest attachment to soil, with the firmest nerves and resolves to defend it. My first impression on seeing Sparta and its plain, years ago—it was then, indeed, far more solitary—came just to this: a grander, gloomier, sterner, richer scene could not be found; exactly the ground which my imagination would have chosen for that remarkable element of Hellenism, the Spartan.

Modern Sparta is a growth of the new Kingdom, built to order for the purpose of reviving an old name, and built, according to a modern Greek practice which Sir Thomas Wyse severely condemns, on the very site of the old city; so that the new buildings cover it up, and effectually put an end to any clearing away and antiquarian exploring of the ruins which may be beneath the soil. Its place was taken in the middle ages by the singularly picturesque hill town of Mistra, close under Taygetus, and encircled by its grand ravines. The town is now almost deserted, but its ruined houses and churches and castle still stand, looking like a town which “a conqueror had only just passed through”—“neither living nor dead.” Here, as so often, the odd contrast between old and new came before the travellers. A great plane-tree and a Turkish fountain, at which women were washing, recalled the Mahometan love of shade and water, and then recollections of Nausicaa and the Odyssey. The great plane-tree suggests a poetical train of thought:—

Beside the fountain stood a group of Spartan, or at least Laconian damsels, who in health and form would not have shamed their countrywomen in the Lysistrata. They were busily engaged in washing, preparing, as they told us, for the bridal of the youngest of the party, which was to be celebrated in a day or two. The Nausikaa was very active and practical, and did not allow the presence of strangers to interfere with the prosecution of her work. The great plane-tree spread its branches over the party, and joined its shadows with those of the rock in protecting them from the sun.

If there live a tree in Greece which deserves or appears to have a Dryad to take care of it, it is assuredly the plane. Oaks themselves are dwarfs beside it, to say nothing of that artless art with which, while grasping rock and block below (I have seen them keep defiant hold on both in the very face of a Taygetan torrent) with roots like claws and talons, worthy of the Blockberg roots of Goethe, they run out above, resembling a sort of huge convolvulus, the arms apparently as pliant as tendrils, but loaded with shade sufficient for a whole squadron. Nor is it massive heavy shade, but of a light twinkling kind; the exquisite sharpness of the foliage, moved by every breeze, and discovering at each turn all the grey, silver, brown, and purple of its lining in rich harmony with its bright verdure.

Everything looks primitive, Oriental, or classical, when some one suggests to Nausicaa and her companions that a “true Spartan *χορὸς*” would be charming:—

Two young girls were very ready to take our solicitations into consideration, and, by way of preamble, proposed to commence, while we were beating up recruits, with a *pas de deux*. The dais was cleared, and we were ready with admiration, when off they started, arm in arm, with a *mazourka*! This was taking civilization à rebours, and as unconscious a satire, looking at their naked feet, and at the site where we were, on the whole system of modern Greece, as the most solemn article in the *Athena*. What nymph or Muse inspired the innovation it is useless to inquire. It came down, I believe, wrapt up in a Greek grammar from Athens.

Sir Thomas Wyse travelled into the neighbouring valley plain of Messenia by a pass through Taygetus which is not often taken, from the difficulty of the track even for mules, but which amply repays the traveller who is not afraid of rough scrambling by the rare magnificence of its scenery. Sir Thomas Wyse was a true and discriminating judge of genuine beauty in the features of the country through which he travelled, and his volumes show that he fully appreciated its charm. Travelling in the Peloponnesus is always rough, and still sometimes dangerous; but it is a country which has the advantage of not having been broken into by the crowd, and no man in health need be afraid of its difficulties. And for its size, there are few regions which reward the traveller better, by its combination of historical interest with a characteristic landscape worthy of the associations which gather round it, and impressing itself with singular clearness on the mind. The subjects of the numerous illustrations, from Sir Thomas Wyse's own drawings and those of Signor Lanza, who accompanied him, are well chosen. There are some highly characteristic sketches among them, such as that of the rock of Monemvasia, and one of Bassæ, with the altar-like hill of Ithome rising above the Messenian plain. On the other hand, either from the fault of draughtsman or engraver, justice is scarcely done to the beautiful outlines and strongly marked features of Taygetus, as seen from the plain of Sparta.

Sir Thomas Wyse shows the interest of a well-read and refined classical scholar in the care with which he observed and examined the country through which he passed in reference to the history of which it was the theatre, and in his comments on the history itself. His mind was full, as his journal shows, of the singular characteristics of Spartan organization and policy, and of the romantic incidents of the Messenian wars. He had also the tastes of an artist, and an eye for the physical peculiarities of a country and for topographical accuracy; and he enters critically into questions about Messenian sites, and, at still greater length, with the advantage of the most recent knowledge and a careful personal inspection of the ground, into a discussion of the topography of Olympia—a place, as he says, less sufficiently explored than any equally important site in Greece, and where the alluvium of the Alpheus probably covers up treasures of ancient art which would well reward a comprehensive and judicious system of exploration. On all these matters, however, there was not much new to be said without a more methodical and special course of investigation than Sir Thomas Wyse had leisure for. But he was as much interested in modern as in ancient Greece, and his account is that of a very friendly, yet at the same time very dissatisfied, observer; and it is a curious and instructive picture of a Greek province. The country, as he saw, had great natural advantages; the population were lively, quick-witted, furnished with elementary education of which they eagerly availed themselves, anxious to thrive and get on; but everything was at a deadlock, and came to very little, because they had learned to depend for everything on a central Government which claimed to direct and dispose of everything, and which was utterly unequal to its task and unconscious of the essential conditions of what it had to do. Year after year, it had allowed a barbarous system of taxation, inherited from the ignorant and careless Turks, to go on, under which improved cultivation was hopeless. It undertook the road-making of the country, and it left the roads unmade, with the amusing apology that, after all, the sea was the great Greek high-road. The want of internal communications raises prices and wages, makes them grossly unequal, hinders the use of the most manifest resources of the country, and keeps everything at a standstill. Among the many strange illustrations of the general helplessness engendered by this manner of governing, one is given which would appear incredible anywhere but in Greece. The superior of the monastery on Pentelicus had paved his church with marble from Lucca, and he proved to Sir Thomas Wyse that it cost him less to convey marble from Lucca than to take it from the old quarries directly above the convent; the reasons assigned for this being the difficulty of obtaining skilful workmen, their high wages, and the imperfect implements in use in Greece. The clumsiness and inaptitude of the Greeks in tools and mechanism of all kinds struck Sir Thomas Wyse. In this, as in everything else, their fault is to be in a hurry about means, to be satisfied with the first expedient at hand, and to be careless about being exact and

thorough, provided that a superficial approximation to what they aim at is attained, whether it be an imitation of a European house, a European fashion of dress, a European machine, or a European constitution. And as the Government has systematically trained and accustomed the Greeks of the provinces to depend entirely on itself for everything, no one thinks it his business to move a step or make any effort unless the instruction, the order, and the money come straight from Athens. And the impulse is given from Athens, not for general reasons of policy, but because some immediate motive, frequently of a very unworthy character, presses with those in power. The progress of a foreign Minister through a remote province, and the fear of his remarks and remonstrances, would have the effect of drawing supplies from Athens for local objects which otherwise would have in vain solicited either attention or aid. When Sir Thomas Wyse remonstrated with some monks on the disgraceful state of their buildings, they said they had no money, and had long been vainly trying to get some from Government, and begged him to intercede for them at Athens. The Greek Minister at Athens took no notice of Sir Thomas Wyse's appeal on behalf of the monks; but it was found afterwards that he had first sent down to rate the monks soundly for daring to make complaints, and then had followed up his scolding by a considerable sum of money, and an order to make all the necessary repairs and improvements at once.

Sir Thomas Wyse does not give a favourable account of Greek monks and monasteries. He criticizes them, provoked especially by what he saw at Megaspelon, with a severity which recalls the ordinary objections made by Protestant travellers against monasteries generally, while at the same time he contrasts them with the loftier ideal and greater activity of monasticism in the West. His remarks are, on the whole, probably just. A Greek might reply that, in point of fact, it would be as easy to generalize against the Latin monastic system from many a Latin monastery in Italy and Spain, as against the Eastern monks from Megaspelon.

The work is perhaps too elaborate in its design, and this appears all the more from its unavoidably wanting the corrections of a final revisal. But it reflects with admirable fidelity, and often with great force, the impressions which are made on a traveller through the Peloponnese. And it contains the mature judgment of a sincere and sagacious friend of Greece on the opportunities and the dangers which lie before the Greek State and people.

PASSING THE TIME.*

IF we may be allowed to judge from internal evidence, the way in which the fortunate public came to be favoured with these two amazing volumes is not difficult to conjecture. Mr. Jerrold had on his hands a few papers principally concocted from French books, and partly drawn from observation of one or two phases of French and English life. They had probably already appeared in newspapers and funny magazines. But this is not enough. After stewing a scanty morsel down to rags for magazines, the author feels bound to serve the rags up again disguised in some sort of fancy sauce, and then he coolly offers them to the public as a worthy and substantial dish. These two volumes, at a distance, have every appearance of being a real story. As far as type and binding and division into chapters and paragraphs can make a book, the deception is perfect. The title too—*Passing the Time, a Story of some Romance and Prose in the Life of Arthur Newlands*—is unexceptionable. What reader could suspect that, among the romance and prose of the hero's life, is to be found an epitome of M. Camus's *Bohemians of the Flag*, noticed in our columns some two years ago? And what of an elaborate account of the French book-hawkers? And of a list, a page long, of the names of all the officers of the Franklin Society for the Propagation of Popular Libraries? Surely it might have struck Mr. Jerrold that to attempt to pass off a lot of papers on French soldiers and French watering-places and French philanthropic societies as a story of some romance and prose in somebody's life is very like a simple and downright imposition on the public. Is it much above the level of the great device of the wooden nutmeg? Or is it in any way more defensible than the admirable Barnum's conduct in picking up an old Virginian negress and demanding money for exhibiting her as Washington's nurse? Mr. Jerrold is remarkably well informed upon the social characteristics of the French. Upon the administration of their charities, the details of their army organization, upon life and habits in the middle class, he has already told us a great deal, and no doubt he has a great deal more to tell. With the good fortune of possessing a special kind of knowledge, it is particularly vexatious that he should stoop to the unworthy practice, so inconsistent with all literary self-respect, of trying to pass off solid matter as something light and airy, as "some romance and prose." If people will not read his solid matter when published in an appropriate form, they certainly will not like it any better for having been entrapped into it by a deceptive title.

The worst of it is that Mr. Jerrold, feeling that his epitome of M. Camus, and his account of St. Nazaire, and all the rest, are intolerably serious for a book calling itself "a story," has felt it his duty to make the padding doubly funny. If he has any doubt that

grave writing is his proper business, we would really recommend him to try to read his own efforts at humour dispassionately. They are surely the very dreariest ever yet made by mortal man. The machinery by which all the detached pieces are strung together is sufficiently simple. The hero is very much in love with a young lady who, on account of her sister's health, is forced to make a voyage to Australia and back. The day before she sailed he put into her hands a letter declaring his passion. Somehow or other he misses the answer, and so he has to wait until she has reached Australia and had time to write to him. During this interval he is fain to invent modes of "passing the time." For instance, he goes to Paris, and there, falling in with M. Camus's book, sends home to a friend sketches extracted from it, which fill up about a fifth of a volume. Or he visits St. Nazaire, and writes home a minute account of "the future Liverpool of France," with full particulars of the shipbuilding going on there, and the docks, and the firm to whom the frontage of the bay belongs, and a host of other details too numerous to mention; among other things, by the way, tracing the course of the Loire with distinguished geographic success. Then he finds a copy of M. Charles Nisard's work on the book-hawkers, and immediately makes notes from it which he transmits to his friend at home. Of course it is fitted delightfully into the story by the introductory note, "My dear Dockrill—The following considerations and notes are but a handful I have gleaned in a rapid walk over rich country." This, it is plain, makes things quite smooth, and entirely reconciles the reader to the most violent jolts and the most outrageous transitions. "My inquiries and observations were mainly of a practical character, as the reader will perceive; they lightened my heart, and made the time pass while I wrote them." Then we are launched forth into "The people about Bayonne," &c. We need not say how much this kind of stuff lightens the heart of the reader, and makes his time pass. After his return from France, our friend goes to lodge in what he calls a "Best Regulated Family," and passes his time in composing a humorous description of families of this sort. Then he goes to Scarborough, and we have a long chapter to show the superiority of Biarritz over that queen of watering-places, and descriptive of the way in which the French comport themselves at the seaside. If an author has resolved to write a book by stringing a lot of incongruous sketches together, the more or less of the incongruity is quite indifferent. In fact, the greater the incongruity the better. It gives the brilliant writer more opportunity for the display of his unrivalled versatility. It is not every man who would know how to get into the same book, professing a distinct kind of uniformity, a long account of the drivers of London suburban buses and the inhabitants of suburban villas, an epitome of another person's book about the ragamuffins of the French army, a series of facetious reflections upon one or two types of bores, and a novel. To do all this as Mr. Jerrold has done it implies qualities that, perhaps not unhappily for mankind, are very rare indeed.

Mr. Jerrold's humour is of a kind that is, on the whole, rapidly becoming extinct. It is very difficult to describe, but it is meant to imitate the feeblest style of Mr. Dickens, under the mistaken conviction that it is this which has made Mr. Dickens successful. Mr. Jerrold is immensely facetious when he describes a lady's back-hair as "simply disgraceful." A lady I know called it a little wisp and a big comb. As regards colour, what shall I say of Miss Jane's hair? I have it. It was exactly the shade of weak tea with a very little cream in it. When I think of Miss Jane's nose, I am inclined to break from the subject altogether, and leave the sketch unfinished. But portrait-painting has its duties as well as its pleasures. . . . It was a small nose, and for more than half way down promised to be aquiline. But here it suddenly halted, and ran wild into a square kind of bulb." And so on for another page or more. This lady and her sister are supposed to entertain a strong antipathy to the imaginary hero—an antipathy which the reader is not disinclined to share. So we have writing like this:—"I noticed the by-play; I felt the stab. The thrust was deftly given, I grant it, Miss Honoria. But my turn has come now. Observe the glitter that is in my eye while I draw the edge of the blade over my palm; while I pour oil upon the hone; while I mark with delicate thumb that there is not one blunt point upon the edge of the blade, from tip to haft. I have turned my wristband carefully back, and you know what a merciless smile means. Well, that smile has settled upon your humble servant's face," &c. &c. A few chapters further on we find, to our surprise, that even this has not exhausted the resources of this marvellous joke. "I had no cause to be thankful to them," the indefatigable humourist continues; "I was not spared. I was lackadaisical, I was a sneerer—was I? It strikes me the Misses Pick forgot that I had pens, ink, and paper at home, and that there were printers in London, and that I might find a publisher." Plainly all this ought to make us laugh. It bears unmistakeable signs that it is intended for fun. But where is the fun? And, pitiful as is his jocosity, the author's solitary struggle to be pathetic is even a greater failure still. For some reason, possibly because he mistook pathos for his strong point, he resolved to thrust in a chapter descriptive of the illness and death of a little boy. With what, we suppose, ought to be regarded as a triumph of delicate tenderness, the chapter is called "Good-bye, Cissy!" The details of the child's illness are enumerated minutely, without a suspicion apparently that the adult reader may feel horribly bored at having to learn about "Master Baby-boy" that in the morning he played with his bricks and his indestructible primer, but at midday grew rather feverish, and so his big horse

* *Passing the Time: a Story of some Romance and Prose in the Life of Arthur Newlands.* By W. Blanchard Jerrold. 2 vols. London: Sampson Lowe, Son, & Marston. 1865.

was wheeled up and down by his bed-side. The sentiments of the cook and the parlour-maid, and even the cats, are chronicled with admirable fidelity. The repetition of the phrase "baby-boy" five times in every couple of pages is a master-stroke of pathos. Then the death of this boy reminds Mr. Jerrold that the children of the poor die in far greater misery and distress. "Ay, they wait for the doctor, morning, noon, and night; for he comes to them at his good leisure, and not as he hastened to the snow-white cot of our dear little lost friend, Master Baby-boy, who, with an angel's smile upon his infant face, and talking brightly, as children will talk at death, with a patience that was lovely to behold, waited for the doctor—for the doctor who could do him, poor honest little soul, no good." For a specimen of the real *manufacture* of a book, the intrusion of such rubbish as this chapter contains may pass as unrivalled. Immediately after this piece of pathos the author resumes the style of the Cockney humourist, and says:—"I decline peremptorily to essay a description of the mansion while little Cissy Liddell lay dead within it." But we have had enough of this wearisome and intolerable book. Our only excuse for noticing it is to protest against the practice of unscrupulous book-making, of which it is a flagrant example.

MUSGRAVE'S ODYSSEY.*

"WHAT! more Homers?" will be the exclamation naturally provoked by the heading of this article. Yet the case is not so flagrant as it seems. In extenuation of an apparent plot to drug a patient public, it at once occurs to us to plead that, though the present year has been fertile in English Iliads, this is the first *Odyssey* of 1865; and that, even if it were not so, there is about the *Odyssey* so great a freshness and variety that it would be hardly possible to surfeit the world with translations of it, if only they were passably good. Around the central figure of the *Iliad* are grouped a number of subordinate personages and scenes, all tending to show off the foremost hero, and so to keep its interest comparatively single and simple. But that of the *Odyssey* is multiform and various. It is a succession of pictures, rightly, we believe, attributed to the hand of one master, yet so diversified in scene, character, and colouring—so fraught with intimate knowledge of sea-life and land-life, of hut and hall, of markets and councils, of divine and human, of noble and vulgar nature—that we are fain to own this master-hand to have been in its singleness more than a match for any dozen of those which in after time have essayed to bequeath the lofty epic to posterity. And what Aristotle calls its "ethic and complex" character must, we conceive, always render the *Odyssey* more attractive than the *Iliad* to the mass of translators, because affording a wider field parcelled out into a variety of allotments, some of which may be cultivated so as to yield fruit, even if others should turn out barren. And it has the same recommendation to readers. It is not all war and battlefield. There is ample shifting of the scenes. Very dull and listless must be the mind that could not find amusement for hours out of a composition made up of such a multiplicity of parts, and affording such a range of interests and subjects, as we look for in vain elsewhere, unless in the Bible or in Shakespeare.

Mr. Musgrave, whose *Odyssey* is just published, has, as will be gathered from these remarks, our sympathy with him in his choice of subject; and his pleasant gossiping preface shows exactly the sort of mind that would thoroughly appreciate, and for the most part represent *con amore*, the ever-diverse quick-shifting interest of the Ulyssean epic. He has an eye for pictorial effect. He has evidently a fellow-feeling for the "far-wandering" man, his hero. He is delighted when he comes in contact with a Cyclops, a cannibal, or a denizen of Hades. To say nothing of a Munchausenish turn for the marvellous, there is a strong impression of versatility and wide-ranging observation stamped, not only on his prefatory remarks, but also on his familiar handling of descriptions, artistic, architectural, nautical, scientific, pugilistic, and what not, where his translation calls them forth. Of course, a translator with any claims to scholarship ought to hit the right terms even of an art or science of which he knows next to nothing; but it is easy to distinguish the knowledge of an expert from that of a "crammer," and we do Mr. Musgrave the justice of believing him to have qualified himself for translating the *Odyssey* by the various acquirements which come from study of men and manners, countries and customs, not less than from books and scholarship. He brings also to his task many of those special qualifications without which success is hopeless for a verse-translator. His ear is correct, his rhythm smooth and flowing, his language modelled upon that of the best poets in our language. It is not unlikely that Mr. Worsley's beautiful Spenserian *Odyssey* may still prove the more popular version, both by reason of its metre and of the remarkable sweetness which he has infused into it. Yet, in many respects, Mr. Musgrave's is quite as well qualified to achieve the aim which he professes in his preface—namely, "to help middle-class students, a '*novus ordo*' in the literary commonwealth, to form familiar acquaintance with the venerable father of Greek verse." In turning particular passages he may not always be so singularly happy as his Spenserian rival; but there is in his version an evenness of execution, never descending to mediocrity, and often rising to considerable beauty, while, for general accuracy in points of scholarship, he

need not fear comparison with the champions of other schools of Homeric translation. We are bound, indeed, to except one grave slip, which our notions of scholarship cannot away with—to wit, his translation of *στῆς δ' ἐν' ἐλατὶν λιμὲν* in Book ii. 391:—

At the mouth
Of that fair haven did the goddess stand,

which betrays a marvellous *business* as to the tenses of *ἵστημι*. With this exception, Mr. Musgrave's translation is, so far as a pretty close examination of it enables us to judge, sound and accurate in its interpretations of the original. Often, indeed, he seems to us to have hit off the sense more successfully than Mr. Worsley. *E.g.*, in his version of *Il. xviii. 73*—

ἡ δάχα Ἴριος ἄϊρος ἐπισπαστον κακὸν ἔει.

his rendering

No long time hence
This carrier of our errands on himself
Miscarriage direful will have brought;

is far better, to our thinking, than Mr. Worsley's alliterative but otherwise meaningless line—

Soon will this *Irus* be dis-*Irus*-ed quite.

Whilst in such a simple phrase as *ἔστιν γὰρ ἐπισπαστον ἱερὸν λιμὲν*, vi. 265, his plain word-for-word "For in such haven moorings are for all," is far preferable to the excursion which Mr. Worsley's metre takes him:—

To each and all large space,
Docks, and deep shelter, doth that haven lend.

In his version, too, of the difficult line (*vii. 107*)—

καρποῖων δ' ὀβριῶν ἀπολείβεται ὕδρον ἑλαιον.

And from the surface smooth
Of that close-woven linen trickled off
The fluid oil,

he is sounder than Cowper, who translated, "Bright as with oil the new-wrought texture shone." The meaning of the Greek can scarcely be other than that the *spun* work was so close and compact that oil would flow off it, instead of soaking into it.

But let us test Mr. Musgrave in one or two longer passages. Little exception will be taken even by the hypercritical to this description of Calypso's Island Home (*v. 59-74*):—

Upon her hearth
An ample fire was kindled, and from far
The scent of quickly riven cedar-logs
And smould'ring frankincense came on the air,
And fragrance genial through the Isle diffus'd.
She with a dulcet voice her song within
Was warbling, and as o'er the warp she bent,
From side to side with golden shuttle wove.
Around her island cave a thicket rose
Of thriving wood—alder and poplar growth,
And fragrant-scented cypress. And at roost
Were perch'd those birds who with wide outstretch'd wings
Cleave the mid air—owls, hawks, and long-tongued crows,
That live on sea, and in a sea-life toil.
And all about the grot extended wide
A young luxuriant vine in clusters shone.
In order rang'd, four founts of purest spring,
Each near the other, but to points diverse
Directed, threw their streams, and on soft turf
The violet and the spreading parsley grew.
In such a spot as this, e'en had a god
His entrance sudden made, he must have paus'd
In admiration wond'ring, and his mind
A charm have felt ecstatic.—Vol. I. pp. 126-7, vv. 93-116.

There are here very few superfluous words, and the general effect is natural and lively. Add to this the comparison, in Book *xix. 108-113*, of the good name of Penelope, by the disguised Ulysses, to

Some king whose name
Lives irreproachable—who, like some god,
O'er multitudinous and valiant tribes
Dominion holds, and law and truth maintains.
For him the dark rich loam of earth its crops
Of wheat and barley bears; and trees with fruit
Abundant bend, and pastures thriving flocks
Of sheep send forth—while, to his righteous sway
Its homage paying, Ocean yields its fish.—Vol. II. pp. 174-5.

Or, going back to Book *II. 420-6*, this brief description of Telemachus setting out on his voyage under Minerva's auspices:—

And now did Pallas, with the gleaming glance,
A breeze propitious bring, with zephyrs fresh
Across the dark wave shrilly resonant.
Telemachus, the while, as to the work
He rous'd his crew, his order gave forthwith
To rig the bark, and, to his word attent,
The mast they rais'd and in the cross-plank fix'd;
And bracing it by forestays at the bows
With pliant leather cords the white sails bent.

Vol. I. 47, vv. 671-9.

These are three average samples of the translator's very creditable handiwork. Yet it will strike every one, in other passages far more than in these, that the proportion of English lines to Greek is as nine to six, or occasionally twelve to six. Is this in accordance with the best theories of translation? and if not, has not Mr. Musgrave erred in contenting himself with a paraphrase instead of a line-for-line version? The First Book of Lord Derby's *Iliad* contains 717 lines. The original consists of 611. Mr. Musgrave gives us 709 lines of the First Book of the *Odyssey* to Homer's 444. It may be instructive to see how this has come about, and to note the cause of what we cannot but deem an error. The nearest approach to an English counterpart of Homer will plainly be that version which, in as nearly similar compass

* *The Odyssey of Homer*. Rendered into English Blank Verse. By George Musgrave, M.A. Brasenose College, Oxon. 2 vols. London: Bell & Daldy. 1865.

as may be, represents the words and thoughts and figures of the original. This involves care and pains to find the nearest possible presentment, as to size and sense, of each Greek epithet. Now for many epithets, of which his predecessors have amongst them frequently hit upon very fair correlatives of equal bulk, Mr. Musgrave often gives us a line, or two lines, of periphrasis. Though nowhere guilty of self-insertion (which may perhaps be regarded as the precise count of Pope's offending), he is a great deal too fond of expansions of phrase and epithet which are chargeable with the watery weakness of dilution. It only needs the consideration of the important part which epithets play in Homer to form a notion of the effect upon a translation of latitude, instead of restraint, in regard to them. Admitting, to some extent, "the inadequacy of our language to express in all cases one Greek word by one English word," we deny that this is any just plea for a translator's rendering a compound epithet by a periphrasis of a line and a half. An easier recipe for spinning out speech or sermon than to tack an epithet to each substantive, and then to paraphrase each epithet, it would be hard to conceive; though no one doubts what would be the character of such speech or sermon. Try the experiment on the *Odyssey*. In the first book, at v. 128, δουροδόχης ἱερῶν ἰνδόν is translated, "In that bright, dazzling, polish'd armoury," where either one epithet would have sufficed. In v. 285 of the same book, ἑσθλὸν Μενέλαον is "Menelaus, Whose shock of hair in fairest locks abounds." In v. 440, παρὰ τρητοῖς λεχίσσιν is rendered—

Beside that bed, whereon the framer's art
In many a chequer'd perforation lay.

In Book III. 399, ἄρ' αἰδοῦντ' ἰριδούσῃ is a trifle less periphrastically rendered—

Where open to the East,
Each corridor gave echo to the winds.—645-6. Tr.

But in the same book, λιγὲς ὄρεος comes out in very license of expansion—

A gale, whose whistling pierced the ear.

Nor is this all. As might be guessed, this fancy does not confine itself to epithets. Who would divine that the English words

Whose visual orb
This same Ulysses quenched,

was meant for a translation of the three plain Greek words, οὐ διθαμνοῦ ἀδάων; or that, in III. 219, μόγις δ' ἐτίλειπε Κρονίων could need amplifying into

Ay and with no slight struggle did the son
Of Saturn that campaign of trickery end.—193-4. Tr.?

That Mr. Musgrave can translate more closely and tersely when he is minded to do so, this translation of four verses from Book I. 51-4, will show:—

Θαδ' ἐν δώματα ναιεῖ
Ἀτλαντὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀλφειόφρονος, ὅστις θαλάσσης
πάσης βίβητα οἶδεν, ἔχει δὲ τε χιόνας αὐτὸς
μακράς, αἱ γαῖαν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἀμφὶ ἔχουσιν.

There in that island home
The goddess daughter of shrewd Atlas dwells;
Atlas who scans with knowledge all the depths
Of ocean, and those pillars tall upbears
Which part the earth from Heaven.—I. 79-83. Tr.

But we fear that the one fault of Mr. Musgrave's version—is its undue length arising out of these and similar causes—is partly owing to what we must term mistaken self-denial. In his preface he takes credit to himself for having abstained from reading Lord Derby's *Iliad*, and Cowper's and Chapman's *Odyssey*, for not having refreshed his memory of Pope's Homer—nay, for not having looked at the most recent versions of Mr. Worsley and others—until this summer, when his own translation must have been in the press. This surely was an error in judgment. As well might an historian deny himself the innumerable helps which contemporary lucubrations have thrown upon his subject. Access to, and intimacy with, the early and later translations would have taught Mr. Musgrave that the utmost possible closeness consistent with faithfulness is a *sine quid non* in translating Homer. Alford's version, indeed, which had this merit, was nevertheless a failure, owing to its ungainly metre. As it is, we had rather read Musgrave than Alford; but had Mr. Musgrave kept his epithets in due bounds, we might have been able to say that we preferred him as a companion through the *Odyssey* to Mr. Worsley himself, who, though to a lesser extent, is prone to amplify. We are persuaded that Mr. Musgrave has something of the true poet in him, and we find confirmation of this belief in numberless passages of his translation. And so we wish him a speedy new edition, more especially if he will take in sail before a second venture. Judicious compression might add greatly to the value of what we consider to be in most respects a very praiseworthy effort of scholarship and poetry.

EGYPT AND SYRIA.*

IT would be very easy, but rather cruel, to criticize Mr. Hill's book of travels with some severity. It has certain faults which we shall mention presently, but the great fault is in the simple fact of its existence. It is really impossible to say why the book should have been written at all. When a gentleman has gone to Cairo, been up the Nile to the island of Philæ, crossed

the desert to Mount Sinai, and thence to Jerusalem, and, after a visit to the Dead Sea, made a tour to the Lebanon and Damascus, he may certainly have had a very agreeable trip; but we cannot admit that he has acquired a right to increase the quantity of existing literature. The Nile and Jerusalem and the Dead Sea have become as nearly a bore as their intrinsic merits will permit. We all know that the Pyramids are a great deal bigger than they look from a distance, that if you shoot a crocodile you don't kill him, that if you swim in the Dead Sea you don't sink, that the sacred places at Jerusalem are a good deal closer together than might have been expected, that the cedars of Lebanon are less numerous than formerly, and so on for an indefinite number of assertions of equal interest. The fact is that the established wonders of the Holy Land have been as much overworked as those of Chamouni. Mr. Trollope described in one of his novels a picnic on the Mount of Olives, and the anecdote is a pregnant one. Even if it be entirely fictitious, the country has passed into that stage in which it becomes a fitting scene for picnics, and consequently in which it is totally unfit for travellers' descriptions. There are, indeed, some points of view from which a traveller might find much worthy of notice. The antiquary might doubtless discover many remains that have hitherto been overlooked or misinterpreted. The bold man who is prepared with a new theory as to the Temple is quite justified in publishing it, if he dares to encounter the assaults of rival theorists. Any one who had enjoyed unusual opportunities of observing the social life of the inhabitants might write a book of the same kind of interest as Mr. Lane's account of the modern Egyptians; or, finally, there are writers who attract us, not by giving new information, but by describing the effect of well-known scenes upon their own minds; with them the source of interest comes from within, not from without. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* is the most striking example of this; and in the same countries in which Mr. Hill travelled, *Eothen* might have given him an admirable pattern of the process of enlivening the most threadbare topics. So far, however, as we can discover, Mr. Hill belongs to none of these classes, though he comes nearest to the last. His claim to notice, as set forth in his preface (for he feels that some apology for his book is necessary), is chiefly founded upon the fact that he has been to Siberia. He promises that we shall find nothing in the book which does not proceed from his own unbiassed reflections, and "the title-page" (in which Mr. Hill is described as author of *Travels in Siberia*) "will have informed the reader that the impressions received during these travels have been made upon one who has visited many parts of the earth." The particular point which Mr. Hill's book is meant to elucidate is therefore not the antiquities, nor the manners and customs, nor the natural wonders of the country, but the impressions which Syria and Egypt make upon a gentleman who has been to Siberia. This is rather a limited question to clear up, and, so far as we can see, gentlemen who have been to Siberia and those who have not are extremely alike—especially those who have not; their impressions are, on the whole, remarkably coincident with those which form the staple of guide-books, with an occasional dash of sermon in the neighbourhood of sacred places.

So far, then, we cannot conscientiously excuse Mr. Hill for having added one more to the mass of books which threatens to swamp the whole world and to drive reviewers to distraction. We should have forbidden the banns, if authors were compelled to give notice of their intentions before plunging into print. As, however, the fact has been committed, we must also confess that, in its way, Mr. Hill's book is rather amusing. There is no irritating affectation about it; he is never flippant, and he never attempts fine writing. As for being facetious against the grain—the greatest fault of the ordinary travel-writer—he shrinks from it with amusing simplicity. He generally apologizes by saying that, if he had any powers of humorous description, he could do justice to the scene in hand; but, as he unfortunately has not, he leaves it to the imagination of his readers—which is by far the best plan. His sense of the humorous is, we should judge, not very keen. He is pleased to find at a certain place that there are two columns between which any Mahomedan squeezing himself may calculate upon going to heaven; he remarks on the pleasure of finding anything amusing amongst the "grave and gloomy reflections generally connected with the Mussulman faith"; and, by way of a parallel in Christian countries, he discovers that "the Romanists have their pleasures of the Carnival," and that Protestants "eat plum-pudding and pancakes at seasons which the Church has appointed for special joy, and, to the surprise of many a Romanist, cross-buns on Good Friday." The customs mentioned are certainly rather quaint, considered as religious observances, but can hardly be taken as "pleasantries" by intellects of any but an almost infantile simplicity in such matters; we certainly never fancied a man to be making a joke by the process of eating a hot cross-bun. Mr. Hill, when he does tell a story intended to be ludicrous, sometimes succeeds in producing a queer effect by the extreme gravity and circumstantiality with which he tells it. He devotes a couple of pages to telling how, in trying to take off his *tarbooch*, forgetting that it was not a hat, he knocked the *tarbooch* on to a donkey's head; how the donkey threw it into the face of a Coptic priest, thereby knocking off his turban; and how the priest and his man, and Mr. Hill's man, thereupon set upon the donkey (poor "bruin," as he singularly calls it), and would have murdered it but for Mr. Hill's intervention; and he deliberately draws the moral that we "should begin our outward change of manners

* *Travels in Egypt and Syria*. By S. S. Hill, F.R.G.S. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

simultaneously with our change of costume." Mr. Hill is rather given, in fact, to drawing "morals" of similar profundity. A friend of his, on seeing Cleopatra's Needle, made "some remarks not unsuitable to the occasion." This gentleman observed that he had seen an obelisk in Rome, and another in Paris, and he believed that the English had also got one somewhere; whence he rather obscurely inferred that obelisks "are at least moral records, which should teach the nations humility." Mr. Hill's own reflections are generally more to the point, though not much more original. He has a decided turn for denouncing Rome, and is excited to the only attempts at eloquence in his book by encounters with the Scarlet Lady. Thus he exclaims, at the sight of certain ceremonies in Jerusalem—"Oh, Rome, especially! What error is there in religious impressions that thou hast not to answer for?" Again, when certain monks attend divine service and leave Mr. Hill to himself, though seriously ill, he observes—"It was impossible, in this situation, not to reflect upon the mistaken system of Christianity which has made religion to consist in ceremonies with the name of Him who commanded His disciples to practise the active duties of humanity, and taught them a prayer remarkable for its conciseness and simplicity." As may be inferred from these extracts, Mr. Hill's style is apt to be cumbrous, and on occasions is even ungrammatical. He likes good mouth-filling phrases. Observe the delicate circumlocution for "beauty" in this sentence. "Certain glances," he says, "did not give me reason to rate that agreeable attribute of the fair portion of our species which we call beauty lower at Damascus than that of the specimens which we had seen in the Lebanon." In another place he tells us that, on looking at the pictures of a certain native artist, "Gravity was not able to preserve her equanimity," which means, being interpreted, that Mr. Hill could hardly keep his countenance. We do not wonder, after this, that he apologizes for using such "familiar terms" as "floating" and "treading water." Mr. Hill, in short, is evidently a gentleman much more accustomed to travelling than to writing; he considers that an author is bound to use the most formal phrases he can collect, and to indulge in occasional apostrophes and bursts of moralizing.

We repeat, however, that, notwithstanding these obvious faults, Mr. Hill's book is rather amusing than otherwise. Some wise man said that if any commonplace person could fairly write his own biography in full, he could not fail to make a most interesting book. And even a commonplace traveller who tells us fairly what he has seen and thought, though gifted with no special faculties for either seeing or thinking, will infallibly hit upon some curious facts. Mr. Hill has one decided merit in this respect. He knows apparently nothing of antiquarian researches, and merely copies down what guide-books or cicerones tell him, with a cautious expression of occasional doubt as to their infallible accuracy. In matters of art he seems to be also far from strong. At least, we are rather surprised by his saying of a wax figure of the Virgin and Child, in the Greek convent of Mount Carmel, that "the expression of the child's face surpassed every such representation I had seen, save that only of Raphael's at the Vatican"; and that "the whole appearance of the mother seemed to me more imposing than anything I had seen in any other land of the Virgin's suppliant and adorers." We fear that Mr. Hill would take Madame Tussaud's exhibition for a gallery of high art. But, on the other hand, Mr. Hill took a great interest in the inhabitants of the country, and seems to have a really good eye for their peculiarities. He lived for some time by himself in a house in the native quarter of Cairo. His inability to speak the language prevented him from making any very close acquaintance with the people, and he was as much dependent as other European travellers upon his dragoman. But he nevertheless seems to have succeeded in seeing more of the people than nine out of ten modern travellers, and reports some interesting conversations. One Hassem, an Egyptian, who had travelled in Europe, held two long arguments with him as to the relative merits of Mahomedanism and Christianity, of which Mr. Hill gives us full reports; indeed he reports his antagonist so much more fully than himself, that he rather gives us the impression that the Mahomedan got the best of it. "This reasoning," he says, "being new to me, I was much at a loss to know what sort of arguments to use, in order, if possible, to put the religion of Europe in a more favourable light than it had hitherto appeared to the Arab." And, though Mr. Hill manages to escape out of the logical dilemma thus delicately described, he appears to give a good deal of weight, after all, to the Mahomedan advocacy. He evidently thinks that the unbeliever has the best of it as against the Christians resident in Egypt, whose "manners are none and their customs altogether beastly" (to quote the well-known summary), and even against the idolatrous Roman Catholics. Mr. Hill thinks that the best chance would be to bring an intelligent Mahomedan to England; but even in England, he reflects, how many things there are liable to misinterpretation. Mr. Hill is apparently thinking of those churches which, in his opinion, must be gravitating Romewards, and where the intelligent Mahomedan would recognise idolatrous ceremonies. The conversations, however, are interesting, and most of them apparently authentic. Some are rather unpleasantly suggestive of the interpreter's own mind, as Mr. Hill himself seems to think. They rather remind us of the celebrated conversation in *Eothen* where the Pasha replies to the British traveller's remarks on English commerce and manufactures by reiterating, "Whirr, whirr, all by wheels; whizz, whizz, all by steam"; whereupon the traveller remarks in his book that the Pasha was "particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam."

What, we should like to know, was the impression made upon the Turk by the following burst of eloquence, *à propos* of Napoleon? "What, I added in conclusion, should be thought of generals of this latter class, whose troops have vanquished the mere soldiers of fortune, and dispersed or destroyed their lawless hordes, who, did they see with the eyes of their children's children, would be ashamed when they looked upon the deeds in which they gloried to the hour of their overthrow?" The Turk, we are told, listened attentively; if so, he possibly understood who was *who*.

PUGIN'S SKETCHES.*

SELDOM has photography been put to a more delightful use than in these two volumes. We have here a selection of five hundred original sketches by one of the most gifted artists of our time, so accurately reproduced that every touch of the brush or the pencil is preserved in all its delicacy and all its vigour. Some of these are in sepia, and show a wonderful mastery of effect, and a deep poetic feeling and discernment; but the majority are sketches with the rule and pencil. Pugin—as was mentioned, we remember, in his *Life*, which was reviewed in these columns—was a most diligent and a most rapid draughtsman. His pencil was lightning-like in its manipulation, and magical in its accuracy. Yet, strangely enough, he seldom trusted himself to draw a straight line without ruling it. He used to begin a sketch by ruling faint vertical and horizontal lines across his paper, and then worked up his subject to these ideal parallels. He was seldom at the pains to efface these guiding lines, and accordingly they may be noticed in not a few of the sketches now photographed by Mr. Ayling. To those who knew Pugin these little minutiae add a deep and touching interest to this invaluable collection. To others the variety and extraordinary beauty of the subjects illustrated will be the greatest recommendation of these sketches. They are like the commonplace books of a man of letters—the records of his observation and thoughts, and the seed-plot of his invention. Many persons will use these sketches unfairly, as a mere storehouse from which they may borrow suggestive ideas without any research or discernment of their own. Others will try to put together from these facts and data the artistic growth and development of the great architect and accomplished artist whose note-books are now given to the world. But the majority will simply delight in these beautiful drawings for their own sake. To them Pugin's skilful pencil will serve, as it were, to point out and to emphasize what they most justly admire in European mediæval art; and we shall be surprised if many who examine these photographs are not astonished at the universality as well as the perfection of Gothic art, and more particularly at its complete applicability to the wants of our own days. For those little understand Pugin who suppose that he was an ecclesiastical architect, and nothing more. On the contrary, in the versatility of his powers he was more like one of the great artists of his favourite middle ages, who practised nearly every form of art in turn. These sketches show that he had mastered the principles of so-called Gothic design, and that he was ever on the look-out for examples in which those principles could be seen in action. It is evident that nothing escaped his eye in which any manifestation of the true principles of design could be detected. He was no narrow pedant, though he devoted himself so exclusively in practice to one epoch of art. These photographs show that he was not insensible to the gorgeous exuberance and picturesque stateliness even of that *Renaissance* which in his books he so cursed and hated. But he had the love of a true artist for the beautiful. It is very strange indeed that not once, in these five hundred photographs (if we except a reminiscence of a balcony at Milan on Corpus Christi day), do we observe a single sketch from living man or animal. The beauty of the human face or form or action seems never to have inspired his pencil. We are familiar with other sketch-books in which the men and women and children of the streets or the fields of our own days afford numberless hints for the painter and the sculptor and the decorator. But Pugin did not trust himself—unwisely, as we think—to draw from the living subject. Perhaps he doubted his power to conventionalize the actual details of modern life so fully as, upon his theory, he thought necessary. Anyhow, such is the fact. He sketched pictures and statues and bas-reliefs, and borrowed faces and costumes and draperies from every imaginable source except the never-failing spring of contemporary human life. The wonder is that, in spite of this drawback, he reached so great an excellence in the correct and varied treatment of the human figure and of draperies. But, we doubt not, had he lived longer he would have outgrown this prejudice and freed himself from some useless trammels of mediæval conventionalism. Not that a hearty love of external nature was alien to Pugin's mind. On the contrary, many of these sketches show how he delighted to represent a sweep of characteristic country round some abbey or cathedral; and, as might be expected from his well-known fondness for the sea, pleasant reminiscences of shipping, and several very striking views of coast-lines, as seen from an approaching boat, make their appearance among architectural and decorative details. Witness the charming sketch of Fort Rouge at Calais, and the distant coast and spires of Nieuport. But, with these exceptions, Pugin sketched exclusively from the relics of the past. In churches and picture-galleries and museums and private cabinets, he was for ever measuring and drawing every detail that he could find.

* Photographs from Sketches by Augustus Welby N. Pugin. By Stephen Ayling. 2 vols. London: S. Ayling. 1865.

Architectural mouldings and carvings, iron-work, jewellery, embroideries, vestments, and painted glass alike afforded materials for his pencil. As for exteriors, he could draw equally well the magnificent mass of Amiens dominating over its subject plain, or the humble village church embowered in trees and nestling in the hill-side. Wayside crosses and fountains seem to have been very favourite subjects; and such mediæval towns as Nuremberg and Ulm, Avignon and Venice, St. Gall and Caen, afforded innumerable picturesque combinations. Above all, the canals and bridges of Venice and Bruges seem to have delighted him. But it is safe to say that scarcely any beautiful architectural group ever escaped him in the towns which he visited. Putting architectural science apart, Pugin's views of Nuremberg, St. Gall, Zurich, Lucerne, Fribourg, Lausanne, Avignon, Venice, Perugia, and the more familiar Belgian towns, are thoroughly fascinating. It is humiliating to reflect that town architecture might be made so varied and so beautiful as is shown by these sketches, and then to recall to mind our own Baker Street and Harley Street, or even newer streets of considerably greater pretensions.

So far as we can see, no attempt has been made to classify these sketches either chronologically or topographically. The rough arrangement which is aimed at in the accompanying index is altogether illusory. Such of the sketches as are dated show, in an interesting manner, Pugin's progress both in manner of execution and in selection. Perhaps the best of all the views, as they are certainly the most novel, are those taken in Italy. These, we believe, belong to a comparatively late period of the artist's life. More care might well have been bestowed on the editing of these volumes. Mr. Edward Pugin has dedicated them to his father's memory in a pleasing inscription, but he has not been at any pains in explaining the sketches which he has selected. There is no letter-press whatever, and there are far too many errors in the explanatory catalogue of the plates. For example, in No. 45, a beautiful sketch from a picture by Antonello da Messina, as is inscribed below it in the exquisitely small, but not illegible, handwriting of the artist, is credited in the list to "Antonello de Nassau." Pugin's verbal notes on his sketches are of considerable interest. On one of them (No. 33), containing details from the church of Hal, in Belgium, Pugin wrote the following memorandum:—"The great rood is fixed against the S. wall of tower." The compiler of the index makes it appear that this rood is included in the sketched details; whereas there is nothing about it on the plate except the above verbal memorandum. Smaller mistakes are the use of the word *candelabra* as a singular noun, and several misspelt names. It is hopeless, we suppose, to expect common-sense spelling, such as Lady for Ladye when the Blessed Virgin is meant. A careful editor would have taken some pains to explain the exceedingly curious table of numerical notation given in No. 74, which has evidently been copied from some mediæval manuscript. We never remember to have seen this system of numerals, but it has clearly some archaeological importance. It is to be regretted that Pugin, like all rapid sketchers, trusted too much to his memory. The consequence is that the subjects of many drawings remain unidentified. In some cases it would have been easy to supply the lacking information, that it is the editor taken the pains to make the attempt. One plate, No. 84, is described as the "Interior of a Chapel, unknown." It is a beautiful sketch; but we gather, from internal evidence, that it is an original design. We have no doubt that it represents what Pugin, in a happy moment, fancied that a church interior might or ought to be.

It is impossible to criticize these sketches, or even to point out the most interesting among them. But we may perhaps mention a few which seem to us eminently suggestive. Take, for example, the many ancient tombs which are figured in these volumes. How many hints they would supply to a thoughtful artist! One is tired to death of the dreary uniformity of monumental tablets and tombs and effigies in our modern churches and cemeteries. The few mediæval types that have been copied of late years are worn nearly threadbare. Now here may be found a great variety of new forms. Take, for instance, the details from the brass tombs in the Nuremberg cemetery, figured in Plate 28. The editor, we may observe, seems to fancy that all these details come from one monument, instead of from a whole group of tombs. Then, again, there are noble escutcheons, with helms and crests and plumes, from Augsburg and Nuremberg, Venice and Milan. The cloisters of Mainz afford specimens of upright effigies of Elector-prelates of that see, which are lordly and majestic in the extreme. Then, again, from Italy come not only the high tombs with recumbent effigies bracketed high up on the walls, with angels tenderly drawing aside the curtains on each side, and sculptured or painted subjects in the inside of the arch, but many varieties of bas-relief. For instance, there is the seated figure, facing the spectator, exemplified in that noble monument of a professor of Padua (No. 331) from the church of Eremitani; or the standing figure (No. 344) from the cloisters of the University of Pavia. With these may be compared the fine half-figure of a priest with his chalice (No. 167) from Augsburg. Elsewhere there is a very fine tomb from St. Antony's, in Padua, which is plainly English in its character, of the time (as Pugin himself notes) of Richard II.

Among other especially noteworthy sketches is one from a chamber over the western portal of S. Germain l'Auxerrois, Paris. Pugin remarks on this, that it "remains in its original state, with tile floor, panelling, seats, oak-ceiling, &c.," and adds that this and the council chamber at Basle are the most curious ancient rooms that he had seen. We wonder whether this apartment has

remained untouched during the recent restoration of the church. Many of the details figured in these sketches have doubtless already perished by the hand of the "restorer"; and this gives an additional value to these faithful delineations. What would we not give for good sketches of the exterior detail of Lincoln before that recent scraping and tooling which has roused the indignation of all competent observers! Only in one instance, the beautiful cross near Godesberg, does Pugin add the characteristic criticism, "vilely restored"; and in another plate he gives a compartment from a stone pulpit at Besançon, adding the comment, "the only decent thing in the whole town." We may further point to a "restored" interior of Bonn, and the majestic internal perspective of Ulm, as among the most poetical sketches in these beautiful books. We conclude with expressing our conviction that these beautiful photographs will be a perfect treasure, not only to the professed architect and archeologist, but to every man of taste and of sympathies for art. We hope that the successive holders of the Pugin Scholarship—which we believe is the only public memorial of this great artist—will exert themselves to follow that example of faithful, beautiful, and diligent sketching which, as these volumes show, helped him to his well-deserved renown.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. AMPÈRE, the eminent Professor and Academician, was essentially a man of active mind. Not satisfied with the studies immediately bearing on his special pursuits, he loved to explore the most recondite topics, and to prosecute his researches throughout the remotest nooks of the literary field.* His character was that of a *vulgariser*, and, as his conversation was remarkably brilliant, he was admirably calculated for the task he had undertaken. Nor should we speak slightly of the services which such a person renders to the majority of readers. It is certain that men like Abel Rémusat, Eugène Burnouf, or Champollion, deserve a larger amount of fame for the discoveries they make, the sagacity with which they study philological problems, and the industry they display in reconstructing from scanty materials the edifice of past ages; but they appeal to a very limited public, and only the enthusiasts of science could have the patience to spell their way, for instance, through the *Commentaire sur le Yagna*. Yet it is not only interesting to know something about Persian or Chinese antiquities—such knowledge is often quite indispensable to persons who have neither leisure nor capacity for original research; and students have not unfrequently to trust for necessary data to compilers, abbreviators, and reviewers. Hence the peculiar value of M. Ampère's posthumous work now before us. It consists of a series of articles published in the first instance in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and giving excellent *résumés* of the labours which have rendered illustrious the names of Burnouf, Stanislas Julien, and Rémusat. It forms the first instalment of a complete edition of the gifted author's writings, prepared under the superintendence of Dr. Daremberg and M. de Loménie, who succeeded M. Ampère in the lectureship at the Collège de France.

The conscientious and instructive history of the reign of Henry IV. by M. Poirson† has met with the success it deserved. Honoured with the Gobert prize in 1857 and 1858, it is now considered one of the best monographs on the period which it treats, and the necessity of sending it a second time to the press has afforded the author an opportunity of revising it. The first two volumes contained the narrative of the career of the Bourbon king; in the present one we are invited to study the principles which stamped Henry's government both at home and abroad. Administration of justice, finance, agriculture and commerce, industry and colonization—all these subjects are fully discussed and copiously illustrated. We would especially draw the reader's attention to the third chapter of the seventh book, which, while it supplies details of the highest value as to the financial state of France towards the end of the sixteenth century, enables us at the same time to appreciate the important reforms brought about by Sully.

The fifth series of *Entretiens Populaires*‡ given by the Association Polytechnique is in every respect equal to its predecessors. The introduction may be described as a kind of lecture especially addressed to ladies, in which, after relating the origin and progress of the Association, and reviewing summarily the topics discussed by previous lecturers, M. Thévenin encourages his fair hearers to fight the battle of progress and civilization against ignorance and vice. The discourses themselves are five in number, and treat chiefly of subjects connected with science and industry. M. Saint-René Taillandier represents the purely literary element, and his essay on the tragic poet Rotron strikes us as one of the best in the book.

Chemistry is a science which would be very popular if it consisted only in the brilliant experiments made by expert professors at the Sorbonne or at the Royal Institution. Assemble a large audience in an elegant room before a table adorned with symmetrical rows of crucibles, retorts, and tubulated bottles; produce a few striking combinations of substances—in fact, emulate as far as possible Robert Houdin or the "Wizard of the North"—and then we shall not be astonished at hearing that two-thirds of

* *La Science et les Lettres en Orient*. Par J. J. Ampère. Paris: Didier.
† *Histoire du Règne de Henri IV.* Par M. Auguste Poirson. Vol. 3. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Association Polytechnique. Entretiens Populaires*. Publiés par Evariste Thévenin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

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the audience are eager to become practical chemists. If, on the contrary, you meet your pupils with the blackboard, algebraic notations, a long vocabulary of hard names, and theories of an abstruse character, you will in all probability discourage at once about one-half of them. Between these two extremes M. Ferdinand Hoefer has selected a happy medium.* He teaches chemistry with the help of biography, and when the reader has finished the last page of this volume he finds out, alike to his satisfaction and surprise, that whilst reading an interesting account of Boyle, Lavoisier, Priestley, Scheele, and Sir Humphry Davy, he has incidentally obtained a very considerable acquaintance with the elements of a useful science. The several chapters represented by the *savants* whose names we have just enumerated are introduced by a preface on the origin of chemistry, and followed by a concluding section on its probable future.

M. Michel Nicolas has just published a new volume of erudite researches† on the early history of Christianity. He begins by describing briefly the condition of the old world at the time of the first preaching of the Gospel. Religious doubts and yearnings were stirring the multitude in every direction, and whilst the strict upholders of Judaism endeavoured to revive the glorious traditions of their faith, the Ephesians, the Philippians, and the Colossians saw springing up amongst them a new sect whose aim it was to combine with the principles of the Hebrew religion doctrines of a speculative nature about divine emanations and communications between God and man by the agency of intermediate beings. At the same time the disciples of Philo were embracing Christianity from their peculiar point of view, and the heathen sought to satisfy their doubts by adopting the mystic teachings of Apollonius Tyaneus. Such a situation was doubtless, in some respects, favourable to the advance of the new religion; but, on the other hand, it was fraught with no small danger. Different classes of converts explained the Gospel according to their respective intellectual predispositions, and a large number of systems arose, each claiming the appellation of Christian, but widely varying from the rest in point both of doctrine and discipline. A further result was an extraordinary theologico-literary movement resulting in the compilation of apocryphal gospels. M. Nicolas remarks, as a singular circumstance, that the apocryphal gospels were, during the first half of the second century, freely accepted as documents worthy of credence, even beyond the boundaries of the religious communities in which they had originated; but the evidence of Clemens Romanus, Ignatius, and Justin Martyr, is conclusive on this point, and even churches which were tainted with neither heresy nor schism seem to have adopted some of these compositions. M. Nicolas takes a general survey of all these apocryphal gospels, which he regards, not as pious frauds, but as a spontaneous product of the popular imagination. He divides them into three classes, which he examines successively—first, the Judaizing gospels; next, the anti-Judaizing gospels; and finally, the apocryphal gospels of an orthodox character, originating in legends which were current amongst the Christian community.

Another volume has just been added to the *recueil* of De Tocqueville's correspondence.‡ It consists exclusively of letters which had never before been published, and among the persons to whom they are addressed we find the names of M. Odilon Barrot, M. Royer Collard, M. Léon Faucher, and other eminent persons. The first few letters, in particular, will be eagerly read by all who are familiar with the great work on *Democracy in America*. They contain a graphic description of M. de Tocqueville's journey across the Atlantic, in the shape of familiar *causeries* addressed to his friends at home. It is singular that these letters had been by some accident mislaid, and were discovered only just as the volume was sent to press. An agreeable variety is not the least conspicuous feature in this book. Whilst the political part illustrates M. de Tocqueville's usual depth and clear-sightedness, the letters to Hubert de Tocqueville, the author's nephew, are models of wise and affectionate counsel; and those addressed to persons with whom he was less intimately connected show how easily he could pass from graceful playfulness to grave and serious trains of thought.

M. Chéruel, to whom we are indebted for the first authentic and correct edition of Saint Simon's Memoirs, has now, after the interval of a few years, published the necessary complement to that work in the shape of a biography of the noble author.§ It is evident that, when a man writes his memoirs, the first thing to be ascertained is the bent of his sympathies and opinions, especially if he has been to some degree mixed up with politics and State interests. A Protestant, for instance, would have his own views about Charles IX. and an Armagnac would give a very different idea of Charles VI. from that which would be derived from the *souvenirs* of a Bourguignon. If ever this sort of caution was necessary, it is certainly in the case of that good hater, Saint Simon. When his Memoirs were first printed, the extraordinary beauties of his style, his eloquence, and his powers of description engrossed the attention of his critics; and the dazzling effect then produced blinded even the best judges as to the real character of the work in point of historical value. It was soon discovered, however, that Saint

Simon could not always be trusted; and after Lemontey had exposed the flagrant partiality which characterizes most of his judgments, other critics started upon the same track. M. Henri Martin, M. Michelet, and M. Léopold Ranke, may be named amongst those who have ventured furthest in this direction. M. Chéruel holds a middle course between the detractors and the apologists; he does not suspect Saint Simon's honesty, but he admits, and abundantly proves, that he was biassed by the strongest prejudices. The interesting octavo he has just published is divided into two parts—the former containing a biography of Saint Simon, and the latter a critical examination of some of his most startling assertions. On the whole, it may be affirmed, after a careful study of M. Chéruel's volume, that Saint Simon's Memoirs will retain the position they have so long held as one of the best sources of information on the reign of Louis XIV. and on the Regency; but, at the same time, the reader will feel more and more the necessity of comparing them always with the autobiographies and correspondence of other *habitués* of Versailles, such as the Duke de Luynes, Dangeau, and Madame de Maintenon.

M. Ubicini, whose works on the Danubian Principalities and the neighbouring countries are well known as excellent authorities on the subject, has just published a continuation of his researches.* The *Études sur la Principauté de Serbie, le Monténégro, &c.*, are, so to say, a second volume of the *Lettres sur la Turquie*; they are composed according to the same plan, and written in the same style. The book is divided into three parts. M. Ubicini begins with Servia, of which he describes the history, giving us afterwards numerous details as to its legislation, economy, and administration. The second part is taken up by Montenegro, and here, as well as in his remarks on Servia, the author founds his reflections exclusively on authentic documents and personal observations made during his frequent journeys in that part of Europe. In the third section of the volume are brought together all the official documents, both legislative and diplomatic, which, under the various names of Tanzimat, Hatti-Scherif, &c., fix the relations of Turkey and of Russia with the Danubian Principalities. M. Ubicini has succeeded in producing a work of very varied interest. Lawyers and politicians, philosophers and historians, will find in it ample matter for their serious consideration.

M. Etienne Saint-Pol, chief editor of the Florence *Contemporaneo*, carries in his pocket the political *panacea* for all the ills of modern society—namely, a constitution which is to work wonders; but his constitution is a perfect curiosity in its way. No journalist, according to him, should be allowed to treat of religious questions, because the profane understand nothing about such matters. The maxim of modern politicians, who say that a king should reign but not govern, is an absurdity. Do not come, he says, and tell us (Art. 13) that all citizens are equal before the law. Beware (Art. 15) of the silly mania of giving weapons to everybody. Have nothing to do with either national guards or volunteers. The institution of trial by jury is a newfangled device which should be (Art. 17) carefully eradicated, &c. &c. Such are a few specimens of M. Saint-Pol's charter, submitted to King Victor Emmanuel, and appended, as a kind of concluding chapter, to a series of letters which are interesting as showing the *animus* of the Legitimist press. Of course our deceased Premier comes in for his due share of abuse.

Sergeant Boichot, the well-known military reformer and democrat, is a perfect contrast to this reactionary journalist.‡ Not only does he admire rifle corps and volunteers, but he would transform every nation into an army. With him, soldiers are not a separate element of the population; the whole population ought to be enlisted, and trained to the use of arms. M. Boichot's plan for the remodelling of the French army is open to discussion; but he has undeniably given in his preface an amusing account of the part he took in the Revolution of 1848.

The topic selected by Dr. Gessner§ as the subject of his new book is one which still excites a great deal of controversy, whilst it does not seem to be approaching a settlement. What are the rights of neutrals in maritime warfare? Should private property be respected, or not? Our author examines successively all the points connected with contraband trade in time of war, the right of blockade, the right of neutrals as regards the conveyance of merchandise, the right of search, the seizure of neutral vessels, and the constitution of the tribunals or courts appointed to decide upon such cases. Dr. Gessner's preface gives a sketch of the opinions entertained by the most eminent lawyers. These he divides into two classes, placing on one side those English and American writers who consider especially the interests of the belligerents, whilst the French, the Germans, and particularly the Danes, are satisfied with abstract theories which are too often unsupported by experience.

M. Arsène Houssaye's new volume of tales|| is, like most of his works, borrowed from the annals of the eighteenth century. He apparently feels at his ease only amidst the patched and powdered shepherdesses of Watteau, and the affected style so fashionable a hundred years ago has found in him an admirable imitator. There is, however, but very slight merit in a *tour-de-force* of this

* *La Chimie enseignée par la Biographie de ses Fondateurs.* Par F. Hoefer. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Études sur les Évangiles Apocryphes.* Par Michel Nicolas. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Nouvelle Correspondance entièrement inédite de M. de Tocqueville.* Paris: Lévy.

§ *Saint Simon considéré comme Historien de Louis XIV.* Par A. Chéruel. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Les Serbes de Turquie.* Études par M. A. Ubicini. Paris: Dentu.

† *Quarante Vérités dites à la Cour de Turin.* Par Etienne Saint-Pol. Paris: Brunet.

‡ *La Révolution dans l'Armée Française.* Par Boichot. Bruxelles: Martens.

§ *Le Droit des Neutres sur Mer.* Par le Dr. Gessner. Berlin: Stilke and Van Meyden.

|| *Le Repentir de Marion, &c.* Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris: Lévy.

kind, and the best *pasticcio* can never be compared to an original production. Mademoiselle Marion de la Forté, whose adventures are related by M. Arsène Houssaye, may be described as a *dame aux camélias* of the time of Louis XV., and her companion in print, Madame de la Popelinière, is not much better. Both heroines belonged to real life, and both have had their names recorded by the pen of historians before M. Houssaye undertook to be their chronicler.

The sporting experience of M. Révoil has been extremely varied, if we may believe his *Bourres de Fusil*. He knows what it is to hunt the bear, the elephant, and the bison; he has an occasional shot at a vulture, and the glory of knocking down such fine game does not make him spurn the wild duck or the hare. His narratives—scattered originally throughout the pages of reviews, magazines, and newspapers, and now collected together in one volume—are amusingly told, and characterized by an air of romance which will be attractive to many readers.

M. Paul Féval's *Duchesse de Nemours*† carries us back to the stirring times of the Bourguignons and the Armagnacs. The tale is of so complex a nature that an analysis of it would take up a few columns by itself; and all we can say is that the tragic and the comic elements are mingled in almost equal proportions. Half a dozen full-sized melodramas could easily be carved out of this fresh specimen of the author's fertile genius, and we recommend it to all playwrights as an inexhaustible mine.

The subject of *La Belle Jenny*‡ is a plot made up by some Englishmen to deliver Napoleon from his captivity at Saint Helena. A very meagre topic, the reader will say, and one to which it is impossible to give anything like poetic interest. But, together with the main story, there are episodes of every kind, which are, to say the least, readable. Then the style is Théophile Gautier's—that is to say, the most picturesque, the most idiomatic possible; and thus we have, in the adventures of the owners of the ship *La Belle Jenny*, a volume almost equal to the well-known *Capitaine Fracasse*.

M. Pezzani, like so many others, is suffering from an attack of *spiritism*, to use the word coined by the adepts of modern religious hallucination. His *Synthèse Philosophique*§, connecting the old Druids with the school of M. Allan Kardec, is a piece of madness which may be pronounced remarkable even after *Le Ciel et l'Enfer*, which we had lately occasion to review.

* *Bourres de Fusil*. Par B. N. Révoil. Paris: Dentu.

† *La Duchesse de Nemours*. Par Paul Féval. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *La Belle Jenny*. Par Théophile Gautier. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Les Bardes Druidiques*. Par André Pezzani. Paris: Didier.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (OPERA COMPANY, Limited).—Arrangements for the Week.—In consequence of the great success of Meyerbeer's *Grand Opéra L'AFRICAIN*, it will be performed Four times every week until further notice. On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday next, *L'AFRICAIN*. Miss Louise Fyfe, Madame Lemme-Sterring, and Mrs. A. Cook; Messrs. Charles Adams, Henry Haigh, Alberto Laurence, Henry Corri, J. G. F. Fyfe, A. Cook, C. Lyall, and E. Dunsck. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. On Wednesday and Friday next (first time this season), Auber's *Grand Opéra MASANIELLO*, with the magnificent Mise en Scène of the Royal Italian Opera. Principal characters by Madlle. Ida Gilless (pupil of the Composer of *Masaniello*, her first appearance in England), and Madlle. Duchateau; Messrs. Henry Corri, A. Cook, C. Lyall, E. Dunsck, and Charles Adams. In preparation, Mr. Henry Leslie's New Opera entitled *IDA*. For Prices, &c., see Daily Advertisements.—Commence at Half-past Seven. Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Murray; Stage Manager, Mr. W. West.

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* "Almost miraculous."—*Vide Times*, April 18, 1860.

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LEON LEFEVRE, Secretary.

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DURHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—The EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES for KING'S SCHOLARSHIP will take place in the Chapter Room, on Friday, the 24th, and Saturday, the 25th November, 1865, at 9 A.M., when ONE SCHOLAR will be appointed to supply the present vacancy.

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Further information may be had by applying to the

Rev. HENRY HOLDEN, D.D., Head-Master.

HAILEYBURY COLLEGE.—There will be TWO SCHOLARSHIPS next December, value £30 per Annum, open to Competition to all under the Age of Fourteen, and tenable till the time of going to College.—For further information, application may be made to the Hon. Mr. H. MARRAS, Haileybury College, Hertford.

MALVERN COLLEGE.—The VACATION will begin on

Wednesday, December 20, and the SCHOOL will re-assemble for the following Term on Wednesday, January 21. For information apply to the Rev. A. H. PARR, M.A., Head-Master to the Rev. Charles McDermott, M.A., and the Rev. F. R. DAW, M.A., Boarding-House Masters; or to HENRY ALDRICH, Esq., Secretary.

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